The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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FOUND DEAD TOGETHER IN THE RIVER.

Mother and Child Locked in Each Other's Arms.

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ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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CORRESPONDENTS MUST WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, OTHERWISE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CANNOT BE INSERTED.

All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "The Mirror of Life," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. F. Dent.—W. G. George ran two miles in 9min 17 2-5sec.

George Hastings.—He is a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne

R. Tuck.—On July 3, 1861.

Sam Randall.—The match ended in a draw.

T. Wotton.—1. The weight was not announced. 2. In 17rds.

H. E. Hedges.—In the game you mention there are no pockets to the table.

L. L.—1. They went 20rds. 2. A draw.

J. Wedderburn.—The judge placed four horses.

S. C.—£5 notes were first issued in 1793.

J. Ripton.—1. His weight on entering the ring was 10st 4lb. 2. No.

A. C. A.—At Portsmouth.

G. Sheldon.—They agreed to divide.

V. T. G.—The round is ended when a man is down.

G. Burton (Middlesboro'-on-Tees).—You will not require any license. Boxing is as legal as any other kind of sport.

Durham Ox Hotel (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Y but the two men you mention were in th me boxing booth and sparring at the a time. We should say, like many other b s, he taught himself.

G. Chose.—1. Spot barred. 2. Yes.

T. Breed.—They did not issue any colours.

H. Ryland.—Star Pointer.

F. Warren.—1. It is on points only. 2. If knocked out, yes. 3. Certainly.

T. Goddard.—Thanks for letter. The matter is under consideration.

F. D. S.—Taken up one at a time, each time being a journey.

D. R. P.—Twenty-two years of age, 5ft 4½in.

G. H. Perry.—He was not knocked out, but the referee considered him a beaten man and stopped the contest.

H. Blount.—At the Ballot Box, Horsenden Hill, Harrow.

R. Hawkins.—The Goldsmiths' Institute.

Sam Took.—King Charles won the City and Suburban Handicap in 1893.

W. J. Ryder.—1. Peter, the horse you mention, was a British-bred trotter. 2. Time, 2min 33sec. 3. A gelding.

G. Baines.—1. The ball should hang about eighteen inches. 2. About level with the shoulder.

W. Toppin.—Four fives and a ten or court card count 28.

J. Lettz.—He is a native of Dublin.

G. Stokes.—Yes, "The Eyre" is situated on the twenty-third floor at 150, Nassau Street, Boston, U.S.A.

Santoi.—1. The Jack McAuliffe whose portrait appeared in the *Indian Sportsman* is not the American champion of that name, who never went to India. 2. The man is an impostor.

"Kid" McCoy's Aunt.—Thanks for card.

Constant Reader (Dundalk).—We believe the "Pat" you mention hails from Dublin.

Dave Morris.—1. You would have plenty of time. 2. 55, Barnsbury Road, Islington. 3. About eight o'clock.

Constant Reader (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—No; they have never fought. Curley met George Dixon, and was easily defeated.

J. D.—Amateur costume is singlet, short drawers to knees, with shoes and socks.

R. T. H.—He was disqualified in the seventh round.

J. Clapp.—The London P. R. rules is knuckle fighting, the Queensberry rules is for glove contests.

(Several Answers crowded out).

THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND—A TRAVESTY.

DICK BURGE AGAIN EMERGES FROM RETIREMENT TO MEET JERRY DRISCOLL.

"THE BIGGER THE MEN, THE BETTER THE MARK"—VIDE McGOVERN AND JOE GANS.

"HITTING BELOW THE BELT": A SUBJECT LESSON FOR THE A.B.A.

WHY THE HORTON LAW IS NOT REVIVED IN THE STATES.

Nothing could better show the downfall of boxing in this country than a match between George Chrisp, of Newcastle, and Jack Scales, of London, for the heavy-weight championship of England. Such matches almost make us doubt the purity of prize-fighting, when we find a man like Jack Scales, who succumbed to a light-weight, Dick Burge, ere half a round had expired, making a match for the heavy-weight championship of England. On thi reasoning our light-weights must be well in front of our heavies, or it may be that the form of one day may be totally eclipsed by the form of another. Again, George Chrisp, of Newcastle, is not of the size of which champions are made. When George had the temerity to stand before big Jem Jeffries at the Aquarium it looked like the giant and the dwarf—so much was George Chrisp dwarfed by comparison. Again we find Chrisp making a match for the Heavy-Weight Championship of England, when he was defeated by a middle-weight—by no means a champion—in the person of the "Coffee Cooler." Matches of this sort for championships strike one as very humorous. A match between George Chrisp and Jack Scales may be a very interesting set-to, no doubt, but to invest it with a glory which could never be retained is making an absurdity of a noble art. If no man has yet arisen on which should be permitted to fall the mantle of the last of England's real champions, let us leave matters as they were left for twenty years or more after the decay and downfall of prize-fighting, and leave such titles as "heavy-weight champion of England" to sink into desuetude until a Jem Jeffries, a Jem Corbett, or a Fitzsimmons may arise and worthily fill a place which has been lost to England for more than thirty years.

We don't think the match with Dick Burge and Jerry Driscoll a match to send the pugilistic world agog with excitement. Dick Burge never shows to advantage in front of a clever man, but when in front of a big 'un with a tyro's knowledge of the game, then Dick Burge shines luminously. Jerry Driscoll is a good boxer as boxers go, but he has never learned the business like Dick Burge in a boxing booth, where knocking out men stones heavier than himself is the boxer's trade. Dick Burge when on business bent can make a show of a man much heavier than himself who is less scientific. It is that extra bit of science which lands Burge in front and makes his opponent look like a novice. This game of knocking out the navvy in the booth, which Burge had long practised, made the Cheltenham hero think himself a match for the then middle-weight champion, Ted Pritchard, and failing him take on Jem Smith. Had Dick Burge been half as clever as he thought himself when stipulating for a 24ft ring at the Bolingbroke Club, Battersea, he must have beaten Jem Smith; but Jem was just a cut or two above the boxing-booth navvy, and was almost as active in the 24ft ring as Dick Burge, who once upon a time fancied himself as a Sheffield Handicap runner. In this match between Burge and Jerry Driscoll the former will meet a foe who will not go down when asked. If Burge wishes to win this match Driscoll will have to be punched out.

Another youth who is smashing records in the way of class is Master Terry McGovern. If a flyer in a certain class meets another in a superior class, and in spite of his weight has his boxing pretensions demolished, those who have backed the loser, in order to show that their judgment is not at fault, at once raise the suspicion of a cross. We don't think, when McGovern met Joe Gans, there was much mistake as to how matters stood. Meeting the black was a job Terry evidently relished, while meeting the white man was a job for which the black man had lost his appetite.

About one hundred and fifty years ago boxing and boxing gloves were introduced by a prize-fighter named Figg to do away with the vile stiletto and the murderous knife. Its rules inculcated, above all things, fair play; but at the present day among the powers that be who govern amateur boxing those principles on which boxing one hundred and fifty years ago were founded are now almost entirely ignored. For example, a professor of boxing loving the game for itself more than the kudos which it brings, after an amount of teaching eventually finds among his pupils lads whom he considers worthy to enter for amateur championships. These lads, after infinite pains and trouble on the part of the professor, are entered, but the powers that be, instead of being obliged to the professor, and allowing him a little latitude for bringing to the front boxing pabulum, by means of which enormous gates are made, both at the German Gym. and the St. James's Hall, refuse to allow him to go into the corner with his men and coach them, the office of seconds being bestowed on men who are in many cases thought fit subjects for the patronage of one or other of the officials. Disgusted at seeing all his efforts frustrated, and failure succeeding failure where success should have been assured, the club to which the Professor acts the part of teacher secedes from the high and mighty A.B.A. and runs on its own. Now comes the want of that fair play for which boxing was inaugurated. No member from this club is allowed to compete for a championship or German Gym. medal. If they do so they must be entered as "unattached," while the professor's employment as second at various amateur shows where he has been formerly employed is like Othello's—his occupation is gone. And for why? Because a capable teacher of boxing has dared to use those organs which no man of any worth surrenders—his will, his memory, and his understanding. Boxing is a thoroughly British sport which has been banned only too long by the powers that be, and those who are only too emasculated to care about the game. Therefore it behoves those who have the welfare of boxing at heart to act up to the precepts which a "Noble Art" inaugurated to inculcate Fair Play.

Were American boxers as a rule serious in their work and their management more devoted to boxing sport pure and simple the Horton law would never have been repealed. Such a succession of fizzles and crosses induced spectators to be disgusted with a sport which was money-making and nothing beyond. A Governor of a State is a protector of mugs, and the incoming Governor of New York would have been willing to sanction boxing pure and simple; but not ramping gate-money meetings, which he (Governor O'Dell) considers a travesty upon the art. The same old game which brought the prize ring to an unhonoured grave has happened over and over again in America. We remember when two pugilists caught a mug, one of them being the late "Bos" Tyler—Tyler then kept the Founders' Arms, Osborne Street, Whitechapel—and a man whom we shall call Lockitt (this is not his name). The mug, in company with his minder Lockitt, went round to the Founders' Arms. "How are you, 'Bos'?" cried the mug. "Who are you calling 'Bos'? My name is John Tyler. If you do that again I will kick you out of my house, and your minder with you." "Will you?" cried Lockitt, the minder. "Yes, I will, or I will fight you for what you like." "Lockitt shall fight you for a hundred," cried the mug. "Stake," cries Tyler. This is done, and thus the match is made, and at the finish the mug is left lamenting. It is the revival of these bad old times in America which has killed the goose which laid such golden eggs. Gus Ruhlin and Jem Jeffries have signed articles to box twenty rounds under Marquis of Queensberry rules at Cincinnati on February 15 next; but Canada will very likely be the venue. A law has been passed in the Dominion very much like the Horton law, permitting boxing contests in Ottawa under certain restrictions and under the auspices of clubs.

IKE COHEN,

Of Manchester, who Met Alf Hazelgrove at the Stalybridge Gymnastic Club, January 1, 1901.

(With Portrait.)

Ike Cohen, who is twenty-four years of age, began his career in fistic circles about six years ago. He stands 5ft 3in. Beat Sammy Francis, then the 7st 4lb champion of the North, in 5rds; beat "Ginger" Johnstone, 3rds; beaten by Arthur Beattie, 12rds, on points; two draws with James J. Callaghan, 6rds and 12rds; beaten by Tom Fitzpatrick in a 12rds contest, on points; beat Peter Mullen in 12rds; beat Laxton, 3rds; beat Dick Baxter, 5rds; beat Bill Richards, 7rds; beat Ted Foy, 6rds; beat Ted Foy, 12rds; beat Wilson, 6rds; draw Tom Ford, 6rds; beat Guy, 3rds; runner up to Will Curley in 8st competition; winner of K. A. Barrass's 8st open competition, beating Spence (Newcastle) in first ties, and Willis (Blaydon) in the final; beat Frank Mannion, 6rds; beat Tim Kelly, 2rds; beat Andrew Wood, 6rds; met Alf Hazelgrove, at the Stalybridge Gymnastic Club, January 1.

J. CARKEEK (CHAMPION WRESTLER),

Now Appearing at the Principal London Music-halls.

(With Portrait.)

Jack Carkeek, the champion wrestler, was born at Shortlands, Michigan, U.S.A., and is an adept at Cornish wrestling, which Carkeek considers the most scientific style. Carkeek's parents early migrated to America from Cornwall, and in some part of his career acted as journalist; but as the hero of the Siege of Troy was vulnerable in his heel, so Carkeek was vulnerable in wrist, for, suffering from writer's cramp, Carkeek was obliged to relinquish the more peaceful occupation of ink-slinging. Starting as a wrestler over twenty years ago, Carkeek soon won championship honours in all styles. The best proof of his ability at an age when most men have retired from the athletic arena is his nightly offer of a ten pound note (live money) to any athlete, amateur or professional, who can withstand his onslaught without being thrown for fifteen minutes.

HARRY McDERMOTT, OF SOUTH SHIELDS,

Who Met James Freeman at the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, December 26.

(With Portrait.)

Harry McDermott is one of the numerous protégés brought out in Jemmy Lowes's school at the "Cottage," Newcastle. The lad has proved worthy of his training, and has beaten such cockney terriers as Jack Maloney in 20rds, Ted Beach in 15rds, and a provincial Charles Taylor, in 4rds. McDermott beat Mike Small 10rds, beat Ernest Brady 17rds, knocked out Charley Exall 14rds, met James Freeman, December 26, and won in 4rds.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for:—

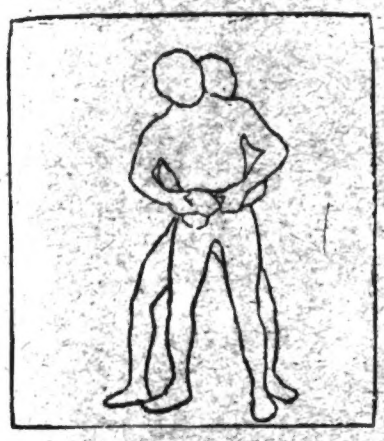
Pat Daly (two).
Alec Hurley (two).
W. J. Abbott.
Ted Thorne.
Frank Leon (two).
Charles Connolly.
Billy Ross.
T. Naish.
P. L. Newell.
Bobby Dobbs (of America) (two).
Miss Vesta Victoria (music-hall artiste).
J. Hare.
Geo. Dixon.
"Kid" McCoy (of America).
H. Westbrook.
Mr. Bert A. Dorman.
Harry Maynard.
Joe Gans (of America) (two).
Jack Carkeek (wrestler).
Claude Thompson.
Mr. George Fox Giles.
Jem Holloway (of South Africa).
Jem Corbett (of New York).
A. McDonald.
George Slark.
H. Chance Newton.
Jem Hall (of Australia).
Robert Fitzsimmons (three) (New York).
Mr. Ernie Greaves.
Driver Pincher.
P. Gorman.
"Greek" George.

LESSONS IN WRESTLING.

FOURTH LESSON—

RUDIMENTS OF WRESTLING.

AFTER securing a body hold from the rear, by slipping behind your opponent and getting both arms about his waist, several good holds and manœuvres are possible for both men. Perhaps the best of these is getting your opponent's head in chancery. Suppose the other man has secured this rear body hold on you. Throw your head backward, so as to miss his head, just going



BODY HOLD FROM BEHIND.

over his right shoulder, at the same time grab his head on each side with both your hands. Grip it very firmly, bend forward suddenly, at the same time pulling his head forward and using your hips as a lever for his body. You can thus, by proper speed and leverage, throw him completely over your head to the floor. The best break for this is to get the head out of the way before it can be gripped, or to seize him too firmly and too far down to make his throw effective.

Another chancery hold is this: When disengaged and manœuvring for a hold (as in the beginning of the first lesson), seize the back of the other man's head with your right hand, jam it forward and downward and throw your left arm about it, so that his head will be tightly clasped under your left arm. Then slip your right arm under his left arm and around his body, being careful that his left arm presses against the upper and not the lower part of your right

CHANCERY HOLD TO BLOCK REAR BODY HOLD.

arm. With this hold you can quickly send him to the ground. To break this, keep your left elbow close to the body, so that the aggressor cannot secure his right arm

HEAD IN CHANCERY.

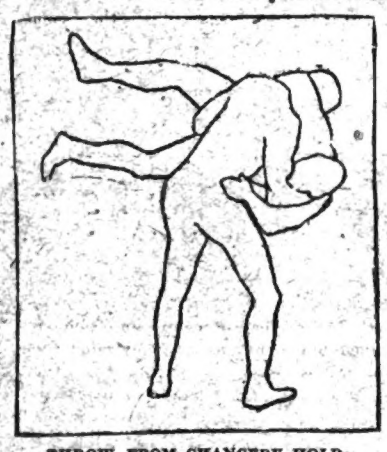
hold, and with your right against his right leg, back-heel him.

The "flying mare," as it is called, is another effective throw when worked accurately and with great quickness. It is seemingly absurdly simple, yet it is harder than it sounds. While manœuvring for an opening grab the other man's right wrist with both hands, jerk him towards you, at the same time turning your own body half-

CHANCERY HOLD BLOCKED BY BACK HEEL.

way around so that his imprisoned arm and wrist are over your shoulder.

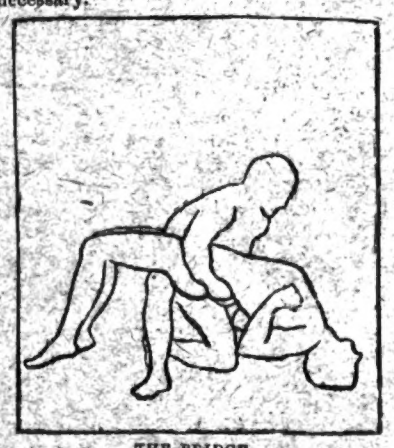
Crouch, pulling on the imprisoned arm and transferring your right-hand grip from his wrist to his arm just above the



THROW FROM CHANCERY HOLD.

elbow, and throw him over your shoulder as you would swing over a sack of meal. As a break for this slip back, before he begins to lift and bring down your chest to a level with his hips. The leverage thus will be difficult, as it will be well nigh impossible thus to lift you, although it would have been easy had your waist been against his hips instead of your chest. Or slip to one side, and gain some hold on him.

A bridge, as it is called, is an effective stop for many a fall. A bridge consists in resting the weight of the body on the back of the head and on the feet when you are turned over on your back, and thus keeping the shoulders raised from the floor. The elbows, planted on the ground at either side, strengthen the bridge, as do the hips, when necessary.



THE BRIDGE.

To break a bridge get your left forearm across the opponent's neck in a half strangle, pressing your right elbow into his solar plexus or just below it.

While in a bridge keep the muscles as rigid as you can, and be on the sharp look-out to make no move which will enable the other man to take you off your balance or to otherwise break the bridge. If the bridge is otherwise strong enough, fend off his right elbow from your wind and keep your neck so drawn in and contracted as to render his half-strangle ineffective.

THE END.

DANGEROUS GANGS OF THIEVES IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS.

An Englishwoman Robbed and Left Insensible.

(Subject of Illustration.)

OUTSIDE Paris in the suburbs the police are powerless to protect the citizens, who after nightfall are robbed and maltreated by gangs of thieves; these men are known, and are under the leadership of the worst principled vagabonds to be found in any city. Trusting to the strength of numbers they do not hesitate to commit murder if necessary to despoil their victims. The influx of visitors during the Exhibition made these gangs more daring, and nightly robberies with violence became so frequent that several hundred additional police have been enrolled to cope with these ruffians. Last week an English lady was stopped near the Bois de Boulogne and robbed of a large sum of money and all her jewellery, and was so roughly treated that she was found later insensible on the ground.

POLLY, WILL, JACK.

A Trio of Clever Pedestal Dancers of the White Family.

(With Portraits.)

THESE clever dancers are natives of Cumberland. Will commenced his career by winning a prize for pedestal dancing when eleven years of age, and after winning several prizes was debarred from taking part as an amateur, so, securing several engagements in conjunction with his sister Polly and brother Jack (who is on tour with "La Poupée" Company), they toured throughout the North as comedians and pedestal dancers, meeting with great success. At that time they introduced the 7in pedestal dance, which was admitted by the profession to be a clever performance. A challenge from T. H. Fox they agreed to dance twenty steps and shuffle under championship rules, and though big odds were laid against Will he succeeded in defeating Fox. In a contest at Halifax arranged by Walter Harrison, Esq., and out of twenty-one entries, Will had to succumb in the final to Dick Lomax, of Nelson, Wilkinson, of Huddersfield, being third.

GIRLS WAITED OUTSIDE THE STAGE DOORS.

The Mashers Were Mashed by a Bevy of Pretty Girls.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE up-to-date girl does not wait for an introduction, but places herself prominently in the way of the person she wishes to become acquainted with, and thus seeks an interview. This the masher company of youth found to their inconvenience when, on leaving the theatre, they were surrounded by several young ladies, probably each in quest of a desirable young man or husband, and, taking advantage of the stage door, awaited the arrival of the youthful actors; but they came prepared with a card, inscribed on each that they could not be mashed, and would rather not be introduced to their fair admirers. "That's where the joke came in."

JEALOUS WIFE CUTS UP HER HUSBAND'S CLOTHES.

He Gets No Redress When Making an Application to the Bench.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A MOURNFUL chapter of married life was unfolded when Mr. Biltings made application before the bench to see what redress he could obtain against his wife. His story was that Mrs. Biltings had an ungovernable temper, which at times shook the entire household, and a jealousy beyond anything of its kind. Last week, to show her anger, she took from her husband's wardrobe his best clothes and other apparel and deliberately cut them to pieces with her scissors; in fact, the man on his arrival home saw the apartment strewn with the pieces cut from his garments, but no redress could be obtained, and he sorrowfully left with no consolation.

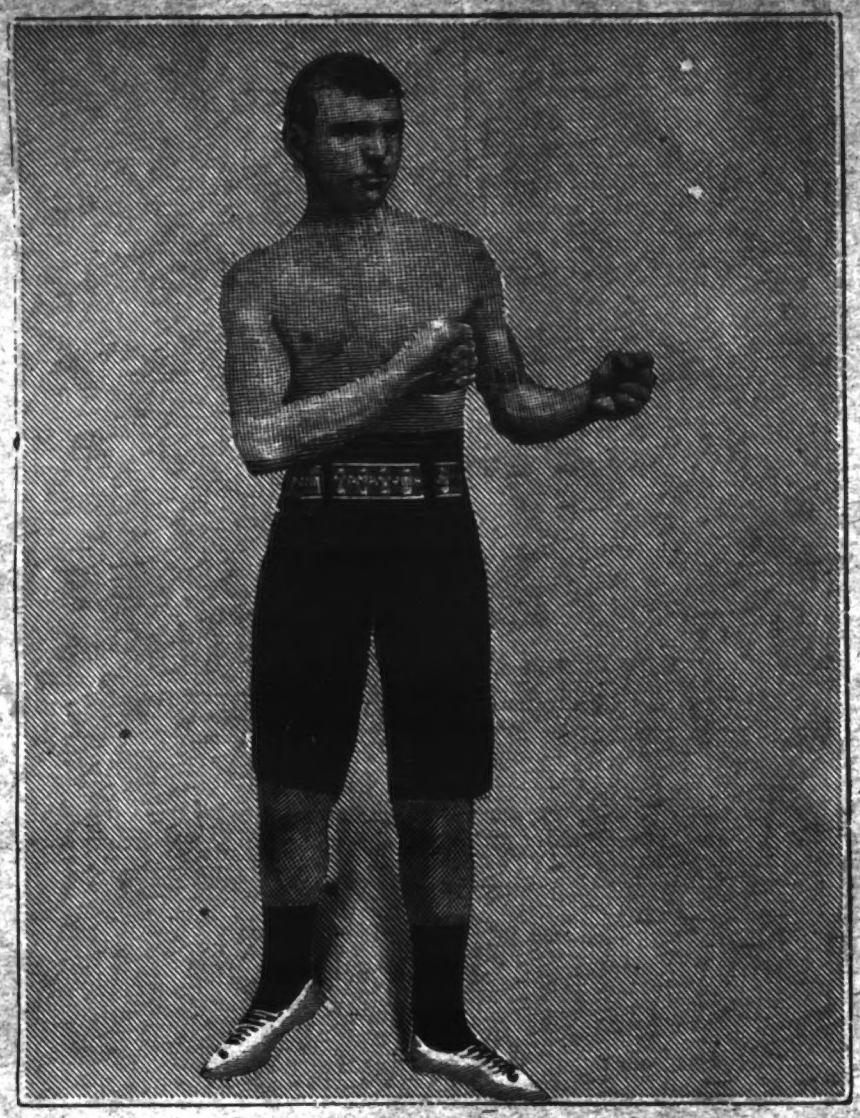
VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Tom "Pedlar" Palmer.
Jack Roberts (Drury Lane).
Ted Mortimer (Jack Roberts's trainer).
Harry Wright ("Wonderland").
Nat Smith.
Prof. A. J. Newton.
Mr. Mankin ("Fairy").
David Jones (ex-four miles champion).
Billy Smith.
Ted Mortimer.
W. Harper (1st Royal Scots).
Andrew Petrie (Glasgow).
Guy Adam (Glasgow).
H. Sampson (Glasgow).

LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



HARRY McDERMOTT,
Of South Shields, who Met James Freeman at the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, December 26.

MISS ANNIE WALKER,
A Charming Variety Artiste, who is About to Visit England.

ACCIDENT TO THREE LITTLE CHILDREN.
Fortunately Saved from a Watery Grave.

ARRIVED RATHER UNEXPECTEDLY.
Put her Foot in It, and Floored her Minstrel Boy.

JAMES FINNEY.

MARIE FINNEY.

The Famous Natatorial Artists Now Performing in America.

DANGEROUS GANGS OF THIEVES IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS.

An Englishwoman Robbed, and Left Insensible.

MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

The Copper Came Out on Top.

BILL BRIERLY,

Of Liverpool, who Met Billy Gordon, of America, at the Liverpool Gymnastic Club, December 26.

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Of America, who Met Bill Brierly, December 26, at the Liverpool Gymnastic Club.

BOXING NIGHT AT CLERKENwell Town Hall.—The terpsichorean art is one of the most agreeable and elegant, as well as one of the most delightful, sports of the present day. What better amusement can be found when the toil of the day is over than that of placing your arm round the waist of a friend and turn to the strains of the band? Every class of society delights in dancing, from the highest in the land, who in stately style dance in their palatial residences, or the lowest in the kingdom, who turn to the strains of the organs in the streets. All these have the same passion for the art, and usually the best dancers are those who in childhood learn their steps. It certainly requires more than natural abilities for anyone to become graceful, and the style and deportment of the body are best taught at an early age. The terpsichorean art is certainly the best means of doing this, and the many pleasures of life are certainly the results of the culture of the body. Once learnt, dancing is never forgotten, and in every clime and country will furnish a few hours' pleasure. On Wednesday (Boxing) night Mr. Keinberg held his annual ball at Clerkenwell Town Hall, and the place was certainly well patronised. The two large halls were filled, while the ante-rooms and gallery also attracted many visitors. The company, however, was very select, and though the executive only numbered a baker's dozen not a murmur was heard from the audience (some 900 of both sexes) during the evening. It was really a treat to witness the dancers, while the magnificence and colours of the dresses dazzled the eyes. Jewels of every description adorned the dresses of the ladies, and every variety of silk, satin, and cloth was used for their costumes. The programme consisted of 24 dances, without extras, and a number of the latest sets figured on the list. The dress of the belle of the ball deserves special mention, and its stately simplicity, added to the lady's carriage and beauty, gave her the proud honours of the evening. She was dressed in black silk, beautifully bespangled with glittering ornaments, the whole being relieved by a collarette of striped pink satin, while a diamond brooch on her breast denoted her name, Bessie. This lady's closest rival was Miss Barnett, who looked lovely in white silk, inlaid with rows of pink, the whole being covered with grenadine. A contrast to this was a black skirt and a collarette of white lace, and this lady, with Miss Myers, certainly deserve being called the best dancers. Our representative asked the belle of the ball for her programme, but only two dances were open, one being given to Joe, and the rest went likewise to the same lucky individual. In fact, as Joe's brother wanted a dance with the lady, the press was content with one, "the Lancers." The stewards certainly did their duties thoroughly, and if others did the same the sport would boom everywhere. These gentlemen were Messrs. B. Freedman, M. Michaels, M. Goldberg, I. and H. Lexy, I. Grinard, J. Cohen, L. Pearl, I. Rousberg, J. Goldbloom, J. Schalk, S. Posner, and the Hon. Sec. Jack Hunt. Messrs. J. Fineberg, W. Sluis, and E. Susan were very efficient as M.C.'s, and not a murmur was heard till the tune of "God Save the Queen."

CARDIFF HARRIERS.—A 120 YARDS Handicap and Five Miles Sealed Handicap took place on Boxing morning at the Sophia Gardens in connection with the Cardiff Harriers before a good number of spectators. The results, which created a good deal of interest, were as follows:—120 Yards Handicap: Heat 1, W. H. Thombs, 14yd start; heat 2, C. Carey, 16yd; heat 3, R. Young, 15yd; heat 4, G. White, 12½yd; heat 5, W. A. Beynon, 15yd; heat 6, T. A. Morse, 16yd. Final: C. Carey, 1; W. H. Thombs, 2; R. Young, 3. Five Miles Sealed Handicap: G. White, captain, scratch, 28min 26sec, 1; A. Croden, handicap time 31min 45 2-5sec, actual time 29min 48 2-5sec, 2; A. Williams, 3. Croden led for the first quarter of a mile, then Geo. White, the captain, went to the front. G. Lenard and T. A. Morse then left the track, both being out of condition. By this time G. White had got a big lead, which he maintained to the end, winning easily by 1min 21 2-5sec. The officials were as follows:—G. Wall, starter; T. Phillips, C. T. Jones, and R. C. Brookes, judges; A. Powell, timekeeper and handicapper. The arrangements were admirably carried out by the hon. sec., S. Williams.

BOXING-DAY OF 1900 AT SAWbridgeworth, Herts, will long be remembered by the holiday-makers and natives from the surrounding villages, the occasion being a grand fête organised by two well-known sports, Mr. George Stewart, of the King of Prussia, High Street, Sawbridgeworth, and late of Blackwall, London, and the well-known Harry Avis, late of Waltham Abbey, and now host of the Bull Inn, Sawbridgeworth. Quite a large muster of London friends of the promoters journeyed down by rail at their invitation on Christmas morning, and a most enjoyable holiday was spent. Boxing morning on arriving at the field of sports was found to be gay with bunting, which was kindly lent for the occasion by a well-known City firm free of all expense, Mr. Findly, the owner of the grounds doing everything in his power to assist the promoters in their charitable object, the whole of the gate going to aid the local charities, no reduction of any kind from the funds for expenses being made, the promoters and several gentlemen of committee known on the Stock Exchange paying for all prizes, which were both useful and ornamental. The town band discoursed some delightful music during the day, the course being ably arranged by George Beach, of Waltham Cross, who acted as starter. The well-known Joe Farrell officiated as referee and timekeeper. At the time of starting—twelve o'clock—there was a large crowd of sight-seers. The gentry and ladies on horseback mustered in strong force, the sun shining both bright and warm. The first item on the card was a veterans' 100yd race, going to local man, George Bruce, defeating "Old Brassey" by half a yard. Bill Barker, of Waltham, now stripped, and met with a great ovation on his accomplishing a great feat of walking one mile and running one lap, eight to the mile, 8 min, which he won by 5sec, after a game struggle. The two promoters now entered the arena mounted on donkeys, arrayed in all of Tom Smith's best, and caused screams of laughter in a comic tug-of-war, which was given in a dead heat, they retiring amidst a volley of cheering. One-lap running for boys under fourteen was won by Young Napper, Steward losing by two yards. Girls' Race, 50yds, was won by Miss Eliza Brace, after a grand race with Miss Fowler, by 12in. Patten Race, 50yds, George Ladley, of Witford, won, after a good race with G. Barker, by 1yd. Boxing.—Harry Avis, late instructor to the Hon. Artillery Company, v. Arthur Ames, having four splendid rounds, which greatly delighted the onlookers. Mass Bird and Phil Mason indulged in three hard contests. A Six Rounds Contest proved very exciting with "Bodger" Bailey and Young Stevens, which the referee declared a draw, giving every satisfaction, the wind-up being between "Spike" Killim and "Young Growler," three scientific rounds. So pleased are the promoters with their initial success that they are going to hold a monster meeting on Easter Monday next, at which several gentlemen who were present have promised to give valuable prizes, which will be announced in these columns. The prizes were handed over to the winners immediately after the sports concluded, Mrs. Avis saying a few kindly words to each recipient as she handed each their reward of merit. A grand concert followed in the large dining-hall of the Bull Inn, Mrs. G. Steward being an able accompanist to the able vocalists, both amateur and professional, thus ending a happy and pleasant outing, for which we tender our thanks to the promoters.

JUMPING MATCH FOR £100.—A match took place at the Higginshaw Grounds, Oldham, on Wednesday, between Tot Colquitt, of St. Helens, and George Hunt, of Thatto Heath, who had signed articles to jump at stand hop and jump, and stand, hop four crosses one stride and jump for the English Championship for £100. The pair met on December 1 at the Star Inn Grounds, St. Helens, when Hunt proved victorious after a very close contest by 2in. Fully 800 persons were present when the St. Helens man took the first trial at stand hop and jump, the betting then being 11 to 10 on Hunt. Colquitt covered 24ft 3½in. Hunt fell over a foot short, but in his second attempt was only 4½in behind. He elected not to try again at this jump, but Colquitt had another trial, and increased his distance 2½in, thus making his mark 24ft 6in, Hunt covering 23ft 11in. With 7½in to the good the St. Helens man again set the mark in the second contest of stand, hop four crosses one stride and a jump, going 34yd 2ft 3in. He then made a protest against Hunt allowing his backers to stand inside the course. This accusation Hunt repudiated, and going on with his jump covered 35yd 2ft 1in. Colquitt refused to proceed with the match, and after the stipulated time had expired, the referee, Mr. Gorton, called upon him to jump. Meeting with a refusal, the official awarded the match to Hunt, who won under these conditions by 21½in.

RABBIT COURSING. — EDWIN Lewis, of Mardy, will run his bitch Lady against Sirdar, of Briton Ferry, best out of twenty-one courses for £20 a-side. An answer from the MIRROR OF LIFE will be attended to at once, to meet half way.

A CYCLING DRAMA.—THE TWENTY-second Regiment Armoury, at Sixty-eight Street and Broadway, New York, was comfortably crowded yesterday afternoon for the matinée of the "Old Fashioned Country Circus," many women taking their children to see the quaint performance given by the members of the regiment. On the bill was a "Ride for Life," by Joseph B. Starck, described as a ride on a bicycle down an inclined plane of about 200ft from the roof to the centre of the hall, and then a dive from the bicycle to a tank of water 75ft below. The tank is about 15ft square, containing water 3ft 6in deep. By long practice Starck had accustomed himself to diving and turning as he struck the water, so that he would barely touch the bottom of the tank. The bicycle from which he dived as he reached the end of the plank would run off the inclined plane and fall into a net placed below to receive it. The act is thrilling, and has been seen many times at local vaudeville houses and summer resorts, where the plank runway was built so that the dive could be made directly into the ocean. Starck had a partner, Frank Ferroll, who performed the same act, and the men were accustomed to work alternately. Ferroll appeared at the armoury on Friday night, and made the dive successfully, and later on it was arranged for Starck to perform. Starck entered the armoury at four o'clock, and donned his costume. Promptly at half-past four o'clock he climbed up the ladder to the platform near the roof of the building, where his bicycle had already been placed. There he stood for a moment testing the tyres of the bicycle. Then, waving his hand to the assembly below and on every side of him, he leaped into the saddle, and grasping the handle-bars tightly, seemed to shoot down the incline. The spectators, closely watching him, were almost breathlessly silent as they saw the young athlete leave his wheel with hands clasped over his head, and shoot through space in a direct line for the tank. As Starck's body shot into the tank and the water splashed over its sides there was a sigh of relief, followed a second later by a scream as a sound was heard like the blow of a heavy body against a hard substance. Starck did not rise promptly, as Ferroll did on Friday night, and a rush was made towards the tank. Roundsman M'Nough who was in charge of the police, realised that something had happened, and was the first to look into the water. At the bottom was Starck's body. There was no sign of life, and M'Nough quickly climbed over the side, and, lifting the body, passed it to those who had gathered about the tank. Stark's address was given to the police as 123, West Forty-first Street, but he was not known there. At 133, a theatrical boarding house, he was known, as his sister had lived there six or seven years, and he made it his home whenever he was in New York. His sister had gone to the police station. The proprietor of the house said he knew nothing of the death of Starck's sweetheart, but a young woman who overheard the conversation said that she had known Starck very well, and that she knew that a young actress in whom he took a great interest had been recently buried. Joe Starck said the young woman occupied a position in some light opera company, where she had a small part. Joe said she was dead, and that he was going to the funeral. He seemed to feel so badly about it that I did not ask him any questions, and should not have thought of it again but for your speaking about it. Starck's act was one of the most daring exhibited on the vaudeville stage. The platform down which he rode his wheel before taking the 75ft dive is only 30in wide, and has no hedge or protection of any kind. Once started down the incline the bicycle gains headway, and when it has gone the length of two hundred feet the speed attained is very high. Then, without an opportunity to steady himself, the rider plunged over the handle-bars of the bicycle, and shot through the air at great velocity, controlling his nerve so that when he struck the water he could make the quick turn necessary to escape the bottom of the tank. Starck's friends have frequently warned him that some day he would plunge over the handle-bars to death, but he has laughed at their fears, and has kept on doing the act whenever his manager obtained an engagement for him. He was twenty-five years old, and had been performing feats on a bicycle for six or seven years. Many of his feats were performed on the regulation platform, the dive being the finale of his act. When he worked on the platform his partner worked with him.

£100 RUNNING HANDICAP.—THE 120 Yards Foot Handicap, promoted by the proprietors of the Victoria Grounds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was brought to a conclusion on Wednesday. As the result of the penultimate round the following were left to contest the final heat, viz.:—J. Douglas (Bedlington), 15½yd start; W. Moody (Dinningtree), 15½yd; H. Whitfield (Newcastle), 13½yd; W. Whittingham (Staindrop), 14½yd; J. G. Frazer (Prudhoe), 14½yd. Odds of 10 to 1 were laid on Douglas, who won by a good yard; 12 to 1 was betted against Moody, who finished second, half a yard ahead of Whitfield, Whittingham being fourth, and Frazer last.

SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENT AT King's Hall.—Packed indeed was the above resort on Tuesday (Christmas) night, when a special concert and ball was billed. The concert was first staged, and the following artists went well, the first five being good enough for the big halls:—Harry Seymore (dramatic impersonator), Charles Reece, Alf Grizzard (the human orchestra as the one-string fiddle, cornet, bugle, mandoline, trombone, violin, &c.), Ashton House Troupe, Brothers Star, Carrie Russell, Fanny Harris, Harry Evans, Harry Milton, Professor Saunders, Tom Star, &c. After an interval the room was cleared and dancing commenced, but, owing to it being Christmas time, so many were present that this became hard work. Notwithstanding the officials, it was some time before the sport could be carried on gracefully, but, being a festive time, this could be excused. Everybody seemed intent on enjoying themselves, and gave the chairman, Joe Jacobs, and Charles Reece as well as the M.C.'s, Messrs. Levy and Benjamin, plenty to do. Amidst the assembly it would have been hard work to notice the best exponent of the terpsichorean art, but an unknown young lady, a pupil at Delmonti's Academy, was an easy first. Among those present were: Misses Phœbe Hyman, Sadie Wood, Applebaum, R. and S. Cohen, E. and M. Strauss, R. Breslau, Setiling, S. Jacobs, R. Hacker, Rosenberg, M. Goldberg, H. Bird, M. Kaliser, and Messrs. A. Marks, S. Levy, I. Israel, S. Goldberg, H. Evans, I. Levy, J. Goldsmith, B. Silverman, A. Schnitzlander (looking after the cloakroom), Joe Jacobs, Ike Jacobs, Joe Rosa, Sam Silver, Professor Boo, A. Hacker, S. Lewis, M. Calmon, D. Applebaum, S. Shepherd, A. Scholtz, L. Brand, S. Soldinger, A. Goldstein, N. Cohen, A. Harris, P. and I. Ward, N. Levy, S. Isaacs, Ike Grizzard, N. Taylor, M. Walter, M. Abrahams, S. Young, Katie Berg, Nellie Goldberg, Bessie Cross, Dinah Osborne, Rosy Levy, &c. In the early hours the National Anthem brought the entertainment to a conclusion.

CHRISTMAS BOAT HANDICAP ON the Tyne.—The Half-Mile Open Boat Handicap on the Tyne reached its final stages on Monday. Three rowed in each of the semi-finals: Pearson (Blyth), 35sec start, beat Crowther (Jarrow), 32sec start, and Boyd (Newcastle), 32sec start, by three lengths. Crowther was favourite. In the second heat Lawson (Newcastle), 34sec start, beat West (London), 29sec start, Elder (Newcastle), 31sec start, being disqualified for starting before the time. Elder was favourite. Pearson was made favourite for the final heat at 5 to 4. Pearson's slight advantage in the start was never in danger. He led all the way, and when a hundred yards from home he held a lead of three lengths. Some time before the finish Lawson eased up, and Pearson consequently came in alone.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION'S Annual Boxing Morning Handicap.—This annual event over a course of 100 yards was decided in the Serpentine, Hyde Park, and resulted as follows:—S. Ross (Westminster), 9sec start, 1; C. Ball (Battersea), 10, 2; T. C. Easton, Mayfair, 19, 3; W. Hartigan, Fulham, 30, 4. The following also swam:—S. Scott (Kennington), 13sec start; J. Adams (Holborn), 13sec; and A. C. Hunt (Peckham), 20sec. Ross, who was making his first appearance as a professional, swam in grand style, and won by two yards, half a yard separrting the second and third. Time, 1min 30sec.

TO GREET THE NEW YEAR IN A joyous spirit, a special concert and ball was held last Monday at Shoreditch Town Hall. After the concert the dancing proceeded, under the direction of the M.C., Ben Woolf. Fortune favoured our representative, as, at his second attempt, he found the best dancer in the room, as well as the best he has ever met. This lady, Miss Millie Morris, was perfection itself, and despite "les convenances," the representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE danced with her till the early hours of the morning ended the entertainment.

A BRILLIANT HANDICAP TOOK place at Powderhall Grounds on Saturday last, and some noted sprinters showed to advantage. Backers had a good time of it as every favourite won, and in the final J. Ritter, of Edinburgh, won easily by a yard with 5 to 4 laid on him. The winners of the first heats were:—J. Ritter, 60yd start; G. Morrison, West Calder, 75yd; W. Struth, Edinburgh, 50yd; T. Auld, Edinburgh, 78yd; G. Ritchie, Edinburgh, 75yd; J. Reed, Whitburn, 75yd, and these ran as mentioned in the final.

DAVID JONES (EX-FOUR MILES champion runner) wishes to thank Mr. and Mrs. Richards, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Eve, Dan Thomas, J. W. Evans, D. Williams, J. Sheen, Charles Staton, Mr. McHugh (ex-high constable), and Tom Linton (cyclist) for their kindness to him during his recent visit to Aberdare, South Wales.

MR. FRANK GLENISTER IS ALSO looking after the juvenile portion of the London Pavilion patrons, and has turned on a screamingly funny harlequinade of the old-fashioned order.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during January:—

JANUARY 14.—At the National Sporting Club: W. J. Lynch v. Harry Barrett, ten rounds; also Competitions.

JANUARY 17.—At the National Sporting Club, 9st Novices' Competition.

JANUARY 19.—At the National Sporting Club, finish of the preliminary heats of the 9st Novices' Competition.

JANUARY 21.—At the National Sporting Club, Jack Roberts v. Will Curley, fifteen rounds, other boxing, and final bout of the 9st Novices' Competition.

JANUARY 24.—At the National Sporting Club, 9st 6lb Competition.

JANUARY 28.—At the National Sporting Club, continuation of the 9st 6lb Competition.

JANUARY 28.—At the National Sporting Club, Bill Chester v. Bill Ward, fifteen rounds.

JANUARY 31.—At the National Sporting Club, the first round of a 10st Competition.

CONTEST AT GATESHEAD.

FREEMAN (THE EX-AMATEUR BANTAM CHAMPION) v. HARRY McDERMOTT (BANTAM CHAMPION OF THE NORTH).

SOME TIME SINCE, WHEN FREEman, then the smallest amateur who ever won a bantam amateur championship, seceded from the amateur ranks and became a full-fledged professional, he inaugurated his entry into professional ranks by making a match with Joe Williams, of Rotherham. Hardly had Freeman made this match than he was seized with a fit of repentance, and allowed his backer to forfeit. Then Freeman made a match with Harry McDermott, of Gateshead, which was incomprehensible to everybody. Of heavier poundage, McDermott had defeated Ted Beach, the best of the London 7st 4lb division, and the best at that poundage in the north, Joe Williams, of Rotherham, to whom Freeman forfeited, would have thought once, perhaps twice, before contesting with the bold McDermott, and such is the foolish way boxers are put together at the present time that Freeman is matched with one of the strongest lads for his inches in the North of England. With what result? Why, that McDermott could have beaten Freeman in a couple of rounds, but being desirous of giving the assembled spectators a show for their money, he kept the game alive until the fourth round, when Freeman was simply punched out. Details:—The betting ruled at 3 to 1 on the Shields man. Freeman started well in the first round, but his blows lacked weight, and towards the finish of the round McDermott got home effective work with both hands. The second was more lively, and though Freeman scored at times low down on the body before the end he received some heavy blows, which shook him terribly, he being on the boards thrice for a short period. The third round was all McDermott's, and saw Freeman all but beaten, he having to be picked up from the boards when the gong went. The fourth bout proved to be the last, McDermott punching his man heavily until he got an opening for the right, which he landed on the jaw, and outed his man. After the defeated man had come round both the combatants went to the front of the stage and shook hands heartily.

"KID" HARPER, OF BIRMINGHAM, seeing that J. Haslam and Young Tidler cannot come to terms, I will meet either of them ten rounds at either 5st 6lb or 5st 8lb, or Norfield, of Brixton, can be accommodated on the same terms if Mr. Lowes or Prof. Moores will give a purse. Also that George Harper would like to hear of the offer of a purse for Courtney Veal and himself or any 8st 10lb lad in England.

GUS RUHLIN VERSUS PETER MAHER.

(Special Report.)

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 17.—The largest crowd that has attended a boxing entertainment in this city since the old arena days was present at the Penn Art Club to-night, where Gus Ruhlin and Peter Maher were scheduled to box six rounds. In view of the last meeting between these men at the Lenox A.C. in New York, in May, 1899, when they fought to a draw after twenty rounds, to-night's "go" was invested with more than usual interest. Ruhlin ruled a slight favourite in what little wagering there was about the ring side, 5 to 4 being offered on his chances of winning inside the limit. This betting was on the basis of a knockout, for the reason that no decisions are made by the referee. All the bets, however, were hedged about by the understanding that in the event of interference by the authorities they should not go. There was no doubt that the fight was on the level. Both men were in prime shape. Each realised that his fistic future depended upon the result. Maher fairly demonstrated that so far as a six-round bout goes, he is anything except a "has been." Ruhlin was the first to enter the ring. He got a cordial reception, but it paled into insignificance compared with the reception given to Maher, who is a quasi resident of this city. Ruhlin was looked after by Billy Madden, "Denver" Ed. Martin, and Jem Daly, while "Buck" Connolly and Peter Lowry were in Maher's corner. Round 1. Peter tried a left for the jaw and fell short. Ruhlin tried the same but was blocked. Ruhlin landed a straight left on Peter's jaw. The latter got in a swinging right on Ruhlin's body, and then received a light left on the face in return. Peter got a straight left on Ruhlin's face without a return. Peter landed a stiff right on Ruhlin's body just as the gong sounded. The round was in Maher's favour. Round 2. Ruhlin sent Maher's head back with a straight left-hand punch. Maher returned with the right on the body. A clinch followed, also the most vicious kind of infighting. Honours were even in the mix-up. Maher landed a straight left on Ruhlin's face, and the latter clinched. Maher repeated with the left on the face, and cleverly ducked Ruhlin's left-hand swing. Ruhlin feinted and landed a right over Maher's heart. Peter got home two straight lefts in succession on Ruhlin's jaw, and ducked away from Ruhlin's swing just as the bell sounded. Peter had a decided advantage in this round. Round 3. Ruhlin tried a left-hand swing, which Maher cleverly ducked. This was repeated a second later. Maher landed a straight left on Ruhlin's face, and repeated the dose a moment later. Ruhlin was swinging wildly. Maher took advantage of it and placed his left into Ruhlin's pantry. Gus was apparently tired. In a mix-up Ruhlin landed a short right-hand punch on Maher's jaw. Both were careering about the ring when the gong sounded. The round was even. Round 4. Ruhlin took the initiative and landed on Peter's belt. The latter got back with a straight left on the face, but it had no steam behind it. Peter got his right on the body and the left on the face, but was driven to the ropes by Ruhlin. Ruhlin followed this up with a left in the face, and also got the right into the body. Maher was looking tired. Ruhlin landed a straight left on Maher's jaw, and followed it up with a right, which came within an ace of the danger spot. A lively mix-up then took place, in the midst of which the bell sounded. The round was Ruhlin's. Round 5. Ruhlin started right after Maher, who was visibly distressed, and resorted to the usual Fabian tactics. Ruhlin swung his right and came very near "copping" Peter. The latter retaliated with a light left on the face, which did not disconcert Ruhlin. At this stage Ruhlin was warned for using his elbow. He landed his right on Maher's body, and Maher got back with a swinging left on the jaw. There was rough work in a clinch, with both men very tired when the bell sounded. The round was also Ruhlin's. Round 6. Ruhlin came up the stronger in the last round, and immediately started after Maher. Peter blocked his straight left and surprised the Akron man with a straight punch in the jaw. Ruhlin tried a swing, which Maher cleverly ducked. In a quick exchange Peter landed a left on the stomach and a right on the jaw, but neither punch amounted to much. Both men were tired. Peter, however, got a right to the jaw and then walked into a short left-hand upper-cut. Clinch followed clinch and the spectators began to hiss. They were hugging when the bell sounded. This was Maher's round. William A. Brady, who is here with his "Way Down East" show, announced to-night that James J. Jeffries was matched to meet Gus Ruhlin at Cincinnati Saengerfest on February 15. They are to fight twenty rounds for 55 per cent. of the gross receipts, which are to be split up as follows: Seventy-five per cent. to the winner, and 25 per cent. to the loser. The management of the Saengerfest has deposited a forfeit of 5,000dols, which will be split between the fighters in the event of interference by the authorities of the city or of the state.

TERRY McGOVERN KNOCKS OUT JOE GANS.

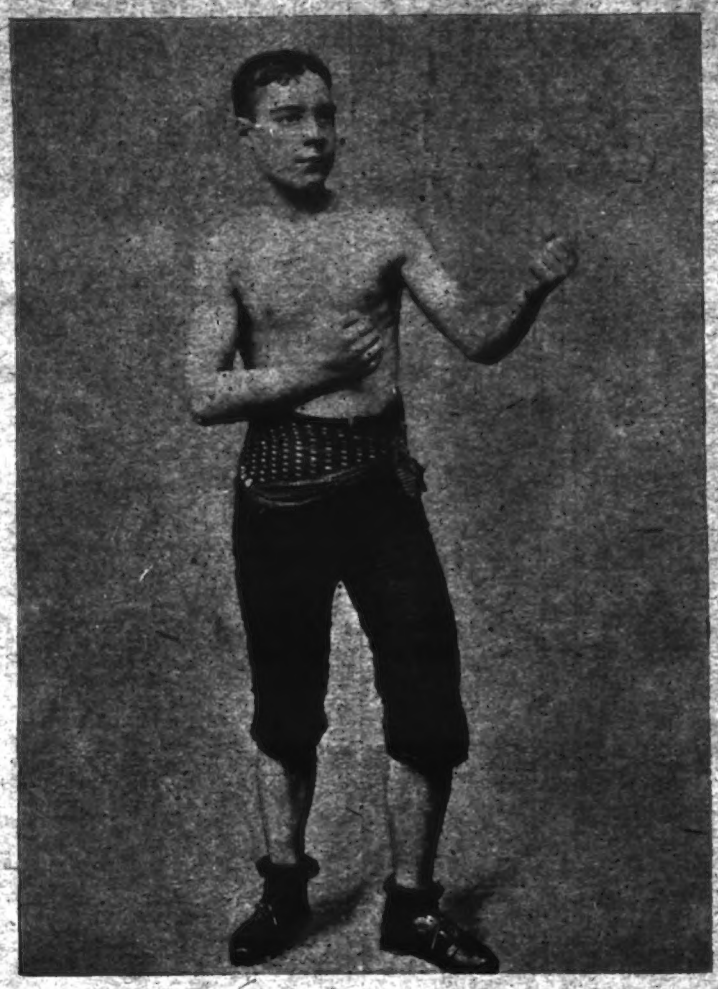
(Special Report.)

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 14, 1900.—Terry McGovern knocked out Joe Gans after less than two rounds of fighting in the ring at Tattersall's last night. The Brooklyn boy giving away 10lb of weight, 2in of height, and 2in of reach to the wonderful Baltimore negro, who claims the lightweight championship of the world, and he made a chopping-block of him. Ten thousand wild-eyed, open-mouthed men yelled with delight during every moment of the fight. It was the greatest fistic treat ever seen in this city. Terry McGovern came out of the fray unmarked. His natural colour was not ever heightened by the few minutes' exercise he enjoyed in the ring. Poor Gans was bleeding and dazed. He seemed unable to collect his thoughts, even after he had been revived from the state of coma into which McGovern had punched him. He had been outclassed from the moment he put up his hands. McGovern made a characteristic comment about the fight. "This beats acting," was his smiling answer to a friend who asked how he enjoyed the fun. By the agreement governing the match the men were to weigh 133lb or less at seven o'clock this evening. Also Gans agreed to knock McGovern out in six rounds or accept the loser's end of the purse. The fighters received half of the gross receipts, of which 65 per cent. went to the winner, and 35 per cent. to the loser. The boys punctually met at Malachy Hogan's place. They shook hands and greeted each other cordially. Each looked strong and fit. McGovern stepped on the scales first. The beam did not even move. Terry did not seem to weigh more than 124lb. Gans stepped up as soon as Terry made way for him. The beam rose up slowly, and remained fixed at the top. The weight was slid along to 134, and the beam still remained stationary. It was pushed to 135, and fell. When fixed at 134½ it was suspended, but nearer the top than bottom. It was then announced that Gans's weight was between 134¼ and 134½ lb. The coloured boy was crestfallen at the showing he made. He declared he had weighed under 133 at Harry Forbes's Gymnasium just before starting for Hogan's place. Under the agreement the forfeit for over-weight was to be one-half of that portion of the purse coming to the fighter at the end of the contest. Sam Harris, manager of McGovern, declared he would allow the question of forfeit to remain in abeyance until after the fight. If McGovern won no forfeit would be claimed. If he lost the full amount would be exacted. This was highly agreeable to Gans's party. The fighters shook hands before leaving. "Well, good-bye, Joe; I'll see you later," said Terry, with a cheerful grin. "Good-bye, Terry," replied Gans, not without a trace of anxiety in his tone and manner. They did not see each other again until they met on the way from their dressing-rooms to the ring-side at 10.50 p.m. Gans was the first in the ring, looking very solemn. He seemed even a trifle pale. That is, his chocolate-coloured skin appeared to be several shades lighter than usual. McGovern was right at his heels, smiling and bowing to his friends on every side. The men were kept waiting for more than five minutes while the referee gave them their last instructions. They danced about on their toes to keep warm. When they stripped for action the contrast in their physical make-up proved to be as vivid as the contrast in colour. McGovern is a pocket Hercules. He has tremendous breadth of shoulder, thickness of chest and girth of legs and thighs for a boy of his height and weight. Withal he is as nervous and active as a young wild cat. He looked as happy as if someone were going to present to him a large slice of cake. Gans could not have been more melancholy in mien if he were an undertaker presiding at the greatest funeral of his life. He is tall, lean, and wiry, of the greyhound build, and he towered over smiling little Terry as a big brother over his youngest brother. Round 1. At the sound of the bell, McGovern, slightly crouching, dashed out of his corner as if he was starting in a sprint race. He is more than half way across the ring when he encounters Gans, who is proceeding towards the centre with great caution, as if he apprehends danger. McGovern dashed into the negro with a straight left punch on the jaw that jars his head, then clinches and drives Gans before him up against the ropes near the negro's own corner. McGovern clinches and holds Gans for a moment, then misses right and left swings for the head as he goes away. They go to the centre of the ring and McGovern drives Gans back with a fierce short left swing on the jaw. Gans was acting on the defensive. McGovern rushes at him without an instant of waiting, landing right and left on the short ribs. Gas comes back with a left uppercut under the heart, but it is weak and uncertain. They clinch. After the breakaway Gans comes in cautiously with right and left on the face, but Terry shakes his head, and laughs as the blows glance off. McGovern at close range swings left and right on the jaw, and sends Gans staggering The Brooklyn boy follows closely with both hands flying in a whirlwind of punches that alight on face, ribs, and belly with the patter of bullets from a rapid-fire gun. A smash with the left on the chin sends Gans up against the ropes. As he reels away Terry sends a right hook to the jaw that makes him totter. Terry follows with a left jab on the chin that makes Gans crouch in a dazed way, and follows this up with a left swing on the jaw that sends Gans down on his face. The negro is unable to get up until seven has been counted. He rallies well, however, for his condition is excellent. After sparring a few moments Terry rushes at him, hooks him on the jaw again with the right, and sends him down. Gans jumps up looking furious. He rushes at Terry, mixes it up with him, and sends in a right-hand upper-cut that lands a little below the ear and staggers the Brooklyn boy. Terry takes a deep breath, grins, and lands a left swing on Gans's jaw that sends him helpless on the ropes. As Gans comes away the bell rings, and just a fraction of a second later McGovern floors Gans with a right hook on the chin. Clearly this was an accidental blow, and no foul was claimed. Round 2. McGovern sprints out of his corner again, dashes his left in on Gans's jaw in a straight jab and follows with a left hook that sends Gans to the floor. Gans arises looking very weak and more melancholy than ever after a count of eight. Again McGovern rushes at him like a fury. He lands a right swing on the ear and a left upper-cut on the negro's mouth. He follows this with his double left-hand jab and hook on the jaw, and then floors the negro with a right jolt on the jaw. Gans takes a full count of nine this time and gets up more in distress than ever. His face is a picture of woe. He seems sorry that he ever went out of his class to meet McGovern. The Brooklyn boy is all over him, swinging and jabbing both hands on jaw and body. Gans drops to the floor again. This time the negro is still weaker. McGovern starts his threshing machine, and the negro topples once more. He is hardly able to arise without help, as the referee counts nine, but he manages to stagger up somewhat and totter over in the direction of his enemy. McGovern takes his time now, swings his right long and hard under the chin, and drops Gans on his face dead to the world. Time of second round, two minutes and five seconds. Referee George Siler remarked: "Gans put up a very poor fight; that's all I have to say." Other judges of fighting are satisfied that the negro was frightened out almost as much as he was punched out. He delivered only one good blow during the fight, and that was the upper-cut that staggered McGovern for less than one second. The negro acted as if he had been hypnotised, as he probably was by the Brooklyn boy's reputation as a smashing fighter. During the first round Gans never attempted to mix it. From the very beginning he backed away with a look of apprehension on his face that could not be mistaken. He never made an effort to use his left counter for which he is so famous. His only anxiety seemed to be that he should not get back into the ropes and get caught there and get hammered. Between the rounds the seconds evidently read the riot act to him. For when he came up for the second round he actually tried to fight for a few seconds. But just as soon as Terry landed one of his smashes Gans began backing away again, and thereafter he seemed to have no care on his mind except to escape from punishment as well as he could. As for McGovern, he made a fast, typical fight.

CONTESTS AT THE MAFEKING Gymnasium.—To provide sport for the inhabitants of Leicester a special fistic entertainment took place on Christmas Eve, the tit-bit being a fifteen rounds contest between two local lads, Fay and Hancock, for £10 a-side and a purse. The house was packed to excess, and three six round bouts besides the principal added to the enjoyment of the spectators. Details in the opening bouts: Young Wickwar beat W. Glover.—The latter had the best of the opening rounds, but going strong his rival wiped off all arrears, and obtained the award. "Gal" Gaskin beat A. Daly.—The first named was receiver-general all through the initial bout, but going strong in the next, sent his opponent to sleep. Two Leicester youngsters put up a splendid six rounds contest, but one, J. Hurst, was the quicker, and at the finish of a grand battle gained the decision over Young Johnson. The match was next upon the programme, and the betting started at evens, closing at 6 to 4 on Hancock. The bout proved a disappointing one from a spectators' point of view, as neither would give an opening. Both kept feinting the best part of the time. The outsider (Fay) went well in the final rounds, and seemed all over a winner when the fiat went forth a draw.

THE TEN-STONE AMATEUR CHAMpionship of Ireland.—At Ginnett's Circus, near Belfast, a match took place between "Cork" Porris and "Kid" McMullen. The contest was for the ten-stone amateur championship of Ireland. After a hard fight of six rounds Porris gave up.

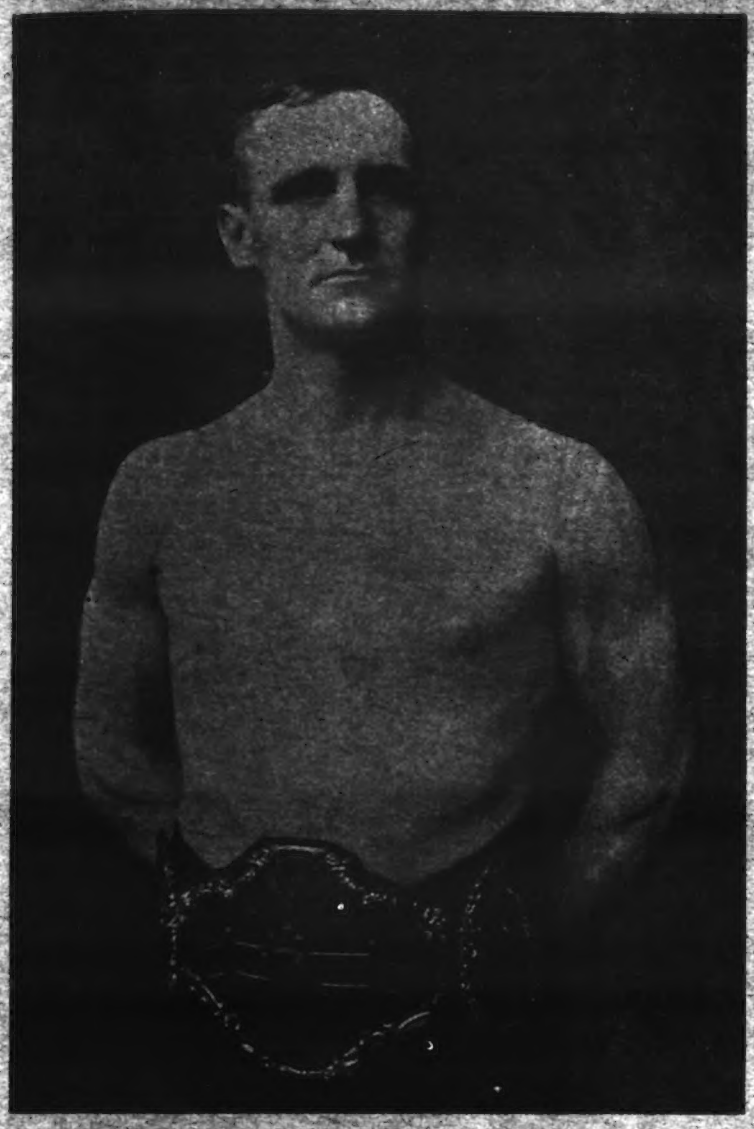
(*Continued on page 10.*)



JOE LAW,
The 6st 12lb Champion of Staffordshire.

JEM LONG
A Clever Bantam who Hails from Bradford.

JEALOUS WIFE CUTS UP HER HUSBAND'S CLOTHES.
He Gets no Redress when Making an Application to the Bench.



JACK CARKEEK,
Champion Wrestler, Now Appearing at the Principal London Music Halls.

JACK. POLLY. WILL.
A TRIO OF CLEVER PEDESTAL DANCERS OF THE WHITE FAMILY.

GIRLS WAITED OUTSIDE THE STAGE DOOR.
The Mashers were Mashed by a Bevy of Pretty Girls.

(*Continued from Page 7.*)

JOE WALCOTT KNOCKS OUT BILL HANRAHAN.

(Special Report.)

HARTFORD, CONN., DECEMBER 14.—Twelve hard rounds were fought last night by Joe Walcott and Bill Hanrahan, of New York, and in the early part of the twelfth Hanrahan was knocked out by a right swing on the jaw. Walcott turned him around with a left on the stomach, and then finished him. Walcott was 4in under Bill's height, and weighed 20lb less. Round 1. Hanrahan led off with two hard swings, landing each time on Walcott's head. Walcott missed a savage swing. Hanrahan was very quick on his feet, and his blocking was fine. Round 2. Hanrahan again landed on the black man's head, but Joe did not mind the punishment. Walcott caught Hanrahan an upper-cut, and the big man responded with a facer. Round 3. Both men landed with right and left, and Walcott's blows had the most force. He had the best of the round. Round 4. Hanrahan led off at once with two hard blows on the jaw. Walcott grazed Bill's cheek and missed a swing. There was no choice. Round 5. Walcott ran into three jabs in succession. Then he caught Hanrahan in the wind, and a moment later sent Hanrahan's head back. The round closed with Walcott getting a smash in the face. Round 6. This was a hot round. Walcott landed some strong blows during the clinches. Hanrahan ducked two vicious swings and caught one on the face. Round 7. Hanrahan caught Joe with his swing. Walcott jabbed Hanrahan in the neck and had him running. Bill turned quickly and landed a hard one on the head. Round 8. Walcott landed some effective jabs. Hanrahan hit Walcott with two straight-arm blows. Round 9. The big man caught the Barbadoes black a terrific swing in the neck. Walcott retaliated with a left jab. It was give and take. Round 10. Walcott aimed a bad blow, and Bill caught it on the arm. Walcott jabbed three times and reached Hanrahan with an upper-cut that nearly sent him off his feet. Round 11. Walcott had much the best of this round, and punished Hanrahan severely. The latter's lip was cut and his nose bled. Round 12. Walcott went at his man from the bell, and soon sent him to the floor with a hard left on the body, and he was counted out.

BOXING AT THE LECTURE HALL, Deptford.—At times we have seen the resort hardly half full, but a full house greeted the promoter, Harry Westbrook, on the Saturday before Christmas. Harry, assisted by his general manager, George Johnson, keeps the game alive in this locality, and fully deserves the good things that come his way. He, very properly, will not stand any contests in which Mr. Arrangement is seen, and orders the men to fight or get out of the ring. This is as it should be, as nothing does boxing more harm than fake bouts. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Casey beat Jem Rush.—Casey was much the better man, and won in the opening round. Eight Rounds Contest: Bill Lewis beat Ernie Mills.—This proved a battle royal, and William ended matters during the third meeting. Six Rounds Contest: Mark Verrall beat Ben Corby.—This was a repetition of the former trial, and in the third round Verrall, with a half-right jab, knocked his rival out. Eight Rounds Contest: Ted Grace beat Jack Ball.—Both were out for a verdict, but Ted, after the opening round, got away, and never being caught won by a length. Six Rounds Contest: Dan Bishop beat Jack Jones (Stratford).—This was evidently prearranged, and "Dear old Pals" and the "Dead March" came from all sides when Westbrook cautioned the offenders. Jones got a light blow on the cheek and went out.

BOXING AT THE LIVERPOOL GYMnastic Club.—At the above on Wednesday evening took place a contest between Billy Gordon (coloured) and Bill Brierly, of Liverpool, for £85. This contest, which ended in the fourteenth round, Brierly being completely spun out, is worthy of note, from the fact that Billy Gordon some time since received a punch on the jaw which caused an abscess to form; and ever since Billy has been handicapped by having to guard his too too-tender jaw, as "Bos" Tyler, once upon a time, did his solitary orb. In addition to the above contest Gill and Morris, both local men, were billed to go twenty 2min rounds, a match which ended in nine, Morris being counted out.

BOXING AT BARNSLEY.—A GOOD assembly were present at the Circus, Barnsley, on the Saturday before the holiday, to witness the contest (twenty rounds) between Edward Garrity, of Goldthorpe, and George Glenn, of Denaby. The match was made some time ago to box at catch-weights for £15 a side and a purse. Glenn forced the work, taking a substantial lead, but injured his arm, and retired during the third meeting, thus spoiling what was a very attractive bout.

BILLY DEWART, OF GLASGOW, WILL box J. Gordon, Pat McDonald, or Mick McGowan for a purse at any club in England or Ireland, and also will have a good side bet on.

NEWCASTLE BOXING.

THE LAST ENTERTAINMENT OF the nineteenth century at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on Saturday evening, was one of the best description, and will be long remembered for its excellence by the large crowd of spectators who took advantage of the opportunity of being present. In faith, it was a splendid show from start to end. The first pair to perform were a couple of middle-weight novices, R. Webber and T. Bell, of Newcastle, and they did not fail to go at it in slashing style during the three rounds they were in occupation of the square. The next duo were J. Johnson and Mick Sloan, a brother of the well-known Charley of that ilk. The pair showed much cleverness, and as it was in the shape of a trial for Sloan he came out of the ordeal well. Jack Jones and S. Johnson did not play at parlour boxing, and their bouts were most vigorous, and the same can safely be said of the meeting for three rounds between "Dido" Vardy and "Darkey" Carpenter, the finish of whose exhibition brought the interval. The final portion of the programme consisted of the semi-finals and final bout of the 7st 8lb competition, and in it there was a very great amount of interest displayed, and the results were as follows:—

SEMI-FINALS.

Heat 1: A. Thompson (Newcastle) beat N. Kelley (Newcastle).—In the first round Thompson forced the work, but he met with a smart reception from Kelley. Soon they closed, and Kelley used both hands with some vigour, but before the close Thompson had got his own back. In the second round Thompson scored the faster of the two, and in the third meeting Kelley tried his best for victory, but at the finish the verdict went against him.

Heat 2: P. Connelly (Gateshead) beat J. Hall (Newcastle).—The first round was very evenly contested, both lads using their hands with good effect. In the second round Connelly forced matters, and soon had his man in difficulties, and with a swinging right-hand blow sent Hall down, and he lay till counted out.

Final heat: Thompson beat Connelly.—Connelly, who was giving both height and weight away, commenced the first round by landing his left on the body, but Thompson in retaliation uppercut him with the left. Connelly then led again, and Thompson, who seemed to be feeling the effects of his bout with Kelley, did not appear to care about doing much leading off, and the end of the round saw Connelly with a bit the best of it. In the second round Thompson, on the advice of his seconds, forced the work, and used both hands with such success that it was not long before he had Connelly at his mercy and knocked him out. The officials were: Referee, Sam Francis; judges, Mr. Hall and Jack Jones; timekeeper, Mr. Lumley; and seconds, J. Gordon and P. Hewitt. Amidst much applause the prizes were presented by Mr. Lowes, the recipients being enthusiastically cheered.

BOXING BY ANCIENT LIGHTS.—M. Bibbero v. Harry Savage.

To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

SIR,—I am given to understand that since agreeing to box me in the presence of many sportsmen at Jem Mace's, Black Lion, Birmingham, Savage has declined to proceed with the match. The match was made in all good faith on my part, and I have actually been in training for the encounter since the night of the agreement. The mistake I made, I now find out, was not to have placed a forfeit down and demanded it covered there and then. I demand an explanation from him in THE MIRROR OF LIFE to let me thoroughly understand whether or no he intends to go on with the match, and if so let him state a sum to be immediately placed down as forfeit. I am determined in any case to show my prowess for my age and weight—seventy-eight years and 10st 10lb only to Savage's seventy-seven and 14st. If the Savage match falls through I will take on any man my age bar Jem Mace, and may be inclined to give away both age and weight in a three rounds of two minutes for from £10 to £50 a-side.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

M. BIBBERO.

46, Hurst Street, Birmingham,
December 28.

THE 9st 12lb CHAMPIONSHIP OF Lincolnshire.—On Boxing Day there was a glove fight at Lincoln between C. Tuplin, of Grimsby, and Sergeant Dent, gymnasium instructor to the Lincolnshire Regiment, for the 9st 12lb championship of Lincolnshire. The match was held at the Mechanics' Hall, and there was a large attendance of sportsmen. Tuplin had held the championship for two years, and had been challenged by Dent. The fight was settled in the first round, Tuplin being declared winner on a foul. The round lasted 1min 30sec. Tuplin wishes to thank Mr. and Mrs. Crane, of Lincoln, his trainer and his seconds and other friends for their kindness during his (Tuplin's) stay in that city.

DAVE PETERS CAN BE BACKED to box any man in South Wales at catch-weight for £100 a-side, or any man can be accommodated at 11st for £100 a-side. Billy Morgan, of Swansea, preferred, and Dave Peters and his supporters will meet them at Cardiff to make the match. The first come the first served. An early answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will lead to a match.

THE LECTURE HALL, DEPTFORD.—As usual a very fine programme was provided by Harry Westbrook last Saturday at the Lecture Hall, Deptford, and a good audience witnessed the entertainment. The promoters give enough for the outlay the public are put to, and surely two six, two eight, and one ten rounds, besides a three rounds trial are plenty to satisfy the most fastidious of the community. Owing to pressure on our space only brief details can be given. Six Rounds Contest: G. Sidbury beat A. White.—These lads set to work as if they were trying to catch a train, and the pace proved a little too hot for White, who retired at the third meeting. Six Rounds Contest: "Smoky" Bishop, jun., and Charley Oulds.—As soon as time was called both tried outing dues, and from start to finish matters were evenly contested. In the last two rounds each put his best foot foremost, but his opponent did likewise, and the decision was a draw. Albert Littlefield and Ted Beach (Deptford) put up a scientific three rounds exhibition, and gained a round of applause. Eight Rounds Contest: Mark Verrell beat Harry Cooper.—The first-named has improved considerably since meeting Murray at the Tee-To-Tum, and a grand battle resulted in his favour after an extra round. Eight Rounds Contest: Ted Walton beat Tom Waghorn.—This proved a fight from the call of time, and the taller and heaviest of the two (Waghorn) forced the work, but found little Ted all there, and after a hard-hitting bout the decision was Walton. Ten Rounds Contest: Mike Crowley beat Dan Bishop.—The last named at once made play, but weakened considerably after the first, and his opponent easily took the lead, and with a right hook ended matters in the fourth round.

LEXINGTON HALL B.C.—LEXINGton Hall, Golden Square, was well filled, despite the Christmas functions on the final Saturday before the festivities. Everyone was satisfied with the entertainment, and many stated they were sorry it was the last before Christmas. Details: 8st Competition: J. Hearn beat J. Smith; "Darky" Jones beat Ted Connolly. Final Bout: Hearn beat Jones.—This proved a fight from start to finish, and neither stopped for repairs till the full time had passed. Hearn had the best of weight, and after the judges disagreed gained the award. Frank Morecombe and Bill Connell acted as judges, Jem Barry as referee and timekeeper, with Ted Gamble as acting M.C. Ten Rounds Contest: Joe Rose beat Dan Cooper.—This pair of bantams put up a good fight till the sixth round, when Cooper tired very much and half way through gave in. Six Rounds Contest: G. Howden beat Jack Lamb.—As only two turned up for a 7st competition they had six rounds for the trophy. Howden was a lot the taller and set the pace, but during the final rounds Lamb drew up, but the verdict was Howden.

LEEDS COUNTY ATHLETIC CLUB.—A full house witnessed the boxing at the Leeds and County Athletic Club last Wednesday evening, when Alf Fielder, of London, and J. Long, of Holbeck, met to contest fifteen rounds for £10 a-side and a purse. The fight lasted three-parts of a round, when Fielder sent his opponent to sleep.

BOXING AT SHEFFIELD.—THE City Boxing Club, Sheffield, was the scene of considerable interest last Wednesday to the local sports. Con Cannon and Bill Johnson, both of the home city, some time ago met in a contest, when Johnson was disqualified. Both wanted another trial, and finally made a match, at catch-weights, for £10 a-side, and accepted the purse offered by the City B.C. The bout proved as grand a one as was ever seen in Sheffield, and neither had any the best of matters till the end, but the official decision was Johnson.

NEXT SATURDAY EVENING "Darkey" Carpenter, of Newcastle, and Jem Richardson's novice box the best of ten rounds at catch-weights for £10 a-side and a purse given by Mr. Lowes. The proprietor is open to receive entries for a competition for those at 8st who have never taken part in contest or a competition, and for it valuable prizes will be given as an inducement for such novices to enter.

TOM LIDSTONE, OF H.M.S. DEfiance, is open to box J. Doran (stoker) or J. Ripper (stoker) the best of twenty rounds at catch-weight from £10 to £20 a-side and the best purse offered in Plymouth. J. Ripper preferred.

J. GORDON TO PAT MACDONALD or Mick M'Gowan.—J. Gordon, of Newcastle (late of Scotland), will box Pat Macdonald or Mick M'Gowan the best of twenty rounds at 10st 2lb, give or take 2lb, for £25 a-side, and a purse of £20 offered by Mr. James Lowes, of the Hexham House, Newcastle. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be attended to.

J. DALLAWAY (H.M.S. BRITANNIA, Dartmouth) seeing that P. Palmer is challenging anyone about 10st, he will be glad to make a match with him if he, Palmer, will forward particulars to the Britannia.

"JOLLY JUMBO'S" CARNIVAL ON Boxing Day.—"Jolly Jumbo" had a most successful carnival at his new house, the Coach and Horses, Stonebridge Park.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.

A SHORT AND SHARP FIGHT FOR £30.

NEVER SINCE IT WAS OPENED has the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, been so filled as it was on Saturday evening, and the talent of Mr. James Lowes as a packer was taxed to the utmost. In fact it is not certain that he did not have to hang some of the spectators to nails in the wall. Certain it is, however, that more could not have secured admittance to the edifice, spacious as it is. A programme which evolved itself into one of the very best, was inaugurated by a couple of youths from West Tyne, who amused with three hitting and missing (especially the latter) rounds. Then R. Fenwick, of Gateshead, and J. Carpenter, of Newcastle, fought three rounds at hurricane pace, but they withal exhibited a lot of science. "Darkey" Carpenter, of Newcastle, and S. Johnson, of Gateshead, also had three rasping hard meetings, and with "Jocker" Mason and "Dido" Vardy boxing three rounds, which were very greatly enjoyed, the affair of the evening came upon the tapis. This was a match of twelve rounds with 4oz gloves for £30 between J. Martin, of Lemington, and J. Biggins, of Newburn, both close to Newcastle. Both had had some good preparation for the affair, in which great interest was shown, and when the men entered the ring the excitement was intense, but the spectators were wonderfully well kept under control by Mr. Lowes. There was little time cut to waste in sparring, Martin directly leading off and landing the left on the face, and following up with a heavy right on the side of the head. In some succeeding scrambling exchanges, however, Biggins got a steadier with a right hand swing, and followed up this success by forcing the work. He was cleverly met by Martin, and the work was of a give-and-take description until Martin, with a hard right, sent Biggins down to be counted out. Martin was seconded by C. Sloan and J. Gardiner, and Biggins by "Dido" Vardy and J. Jones. Jim Gibson was referee, and Jack Gibson timekeeper. Next Saturday the finals of the 7st 8lb competition will be decided, those left in being P. Connolly, A. Thompson, N. Kelly, and W. Hall.

BOXING AT PORCHESTER HALL.—The boxing that was arranged to be staged at the above-named resort was very likely to have left the beneficiare a big profit. No one but those at the business know the cost of finding boxers and what the amount of money going to Fleet Street day after day comes to. Boxers nearly always want a bit to go on with, and now that the show is abandoned this will never be repaid. The programme consisted of a twelve rounds contest between Tom Ireland and George Cunningham, ten rounds Jem Styles and Harry Neumier, Jack Scales and George Sanders, Corporal Sanders and Jack Mitchell; and eight rounds between Billie Gordon and George Penny, Jack Guyon and Toby McKensie, and Joe Kenny and Tom King. A crowded house was certain, and it is hard luck for Lee, as his expenses must have run into a considerable amount.

BOB SAVAGE, HEARING THAT there are so many lads in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, that style themselves up-to-date at 11st 4lb, I will meet any one of them any day in the Old Year or the New, if any London club will give a reasonable purse to make a good show. This applies to W. T. Lynch, Tower Hill; Jem Sullivan, Fulham; and Sam Cavel, the Coloured Australian.

TED SILVER, NOT HAVING ENtered a boxing ring for the last four years, thinking it is time he started, Silver seeing that Tom King was successful in his contest with Andrew Wood, is open to box King at catch-weight ten or fifteen rounds from £25 a-side open to £100 a-side. A deposit left at THE MIRROR OF LIFE will lead to business for the best purse offered.

T. HARRISON, OF LONDON, IS sorry he was not able to meet Joe Law, of Birmingham, at the Lecture Hall on Boxing Night, but would be pleased to box Law ten or twenty rounds at 7st, if a purse is forthcoming.

TOM REES, H.M.S. COLLINGWOOD, is now ready to meet any 10st man in Cork at the Palace of Varieties, as the manager is willing to put up a £10 purse. Would like to meet Murphy or the winner of the Murphy v. Sweeney match.

PROFESSOR VAUGHAN'S MIDGET will box any lad in Lancashire at 6st 12lb, or will box the winner of Gill and Morris's fight, or Young Mack for the best purse offered. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be at once attended to.

E. GRAY, OF H.M.S. PEMBROKE, seeing that J. Bryant, of H.M.S. Pembroke, is in want of a match, is willing to box him for a suitable purse, and have a side stake on the result.

JACK LEWIS, OF SHOREDITCH, would like to box Bill Lewis eight or ten rounds if Mr. Harry Wright will give a purse. Jem Warner can also be accommodated.

STANDARD THEATRE, GATESHEAD.

ANDREW TOKELL BEATS GEORGE SLARK.

RIGHT WELL DOES "TOT" LAND-reth provide sport for his patrons, and there is no doubt of his ability to put lads together capable of showing them plenty for their money. A packed house witnessed proceedings, and during the interval speculation was made upon the result of the fight (starting at evens it closed at 5 to 4 on Tokell), as well as upon the Tyne Christmas Handicap. Details:—

EIGHT ROUNDS CONTEST.

T. JOHNSON beat GILL
(Gateshead) (S. Shields).

This proved a rattling good fight, and they punished each other severely. In the opening round Gill's eye was cut open, but at every opportunity they clinched. During the next meeting Gill sent his opponent on the floor with a swinging right jab, and on rising held to avoid. They tried their utmost to end the battle in the next two rounds. Johnson had the best of the exchanges, but hit very low. But the end came during the following meeting, as Gill caught a hot one on the chin, and went out.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

J. WILSON beat J. BROWN
(Jarrow) (North Shields).

Both seemed in earnest, and sparred for an opening, giving neither an opportunity of doing much during the initial meeting. Both were novices, but Wilson had the benefit of experience, and this told in his favour. The third round was started by Wilson sending the left on the dial, but he caught a hard body blow in return. Give and take was the order till the fifth round, when Brown claimed a foul, and, this being disallowed, retired. The officials were: Referees, Sam Fairies and E. Plummer; M.C.'s, Walter Rhodes and Professor Lowry, Harry Smith clocking.

TWENTY ROUNDS CONTEST.

TOKELL beat SLARK.

The former was seconded by Jack Gibson, Joe May, and his trainer, while Slark was looked after by Arthur Guttoridge, Victor Layton, George Chrisp, and Tom Sullivan, and at exactly eight minutes to ten the call of time announced the beginning of hostilities. Slark, it was plainly seen, intended to let no chance pass by, and a long period of feinting ensued, till the Londoner sent a flush hit on his opponent's dial. Tokell clinched, and this was so often the case that the presiding official was compelled to adopt the American plan of entering the ring. Tokell took the initiative, and scored well, the Southerner contenting himself with countering, and the end of the meeting found them on level terms. Tokell put a deal of power behind his blows, and this began to tell, as his rival at times went weak and sparred for wind, and frequently held to avoid. The sixth and seventh bouts were all in favour of the countryman, who held the key to the situation; but though he sent Slark down the Londoner gamely rose and went on till the call of time. The last-named was considerably refreshed by the interval and tried his utmost to reach the point, but without success, and going weak towards the end allowed his man to pull away hand over hand. The ninth meeting witnessed some hard fighting, and halfway through Tokell doubled his opponent up with a solar plexus blow, and slipping in, sent a half-arm right jab on Slark's jaw and ended the battle.

JOHN JENKINS, OF PORT TALBOT, to Dave Wallace, of London.—Seeing that Wallace challenges all England, J. Jenkins will box Wallace the best of twenty rounds, from £10 to £25 a-side, at 8st 12lb, in a month's time after signing articles, and to box in Wales at a club who will give the best purse. Failing the above anyone in Wales can be accommodated on the same terms. THE MIRROR OF LIFE to be stakeholder and appoint referee. Also I do enclose you £5 for the above match, to be published in this week's issue.
[Received £5.—ED.]

JACK ROBERTS, WHO COMMENCED his training for his contest with Will Curley at the Green Man, Edgware, is now located at the Red Lion Hotel, St. Peters, Broadstairs. Jack is fit and well, and as he is at present only 1lb above the weight, he feels confident of giving the north countryman a stiff argument on January 21 when they meet in the ring at the N.S.C. Ted Mortimer is training Roberts for this contest.

TOM INMER, OF ABERAMAN, IN reply to Dave Peters, of Cardiff, challenging South Wales at catch-weight, is quite prepared to box him according to his challenge, and will meet him at the earliest convenience to arrange a match.

MIDGET BOXERS.—SEEING THAT Professor Moore styles his son Alf one of the cleverest midget boxers of England, I, Dave Flyman, of Leeds, would like to box him any number of rounds from £5 open to £10. As business is only meant at 4st 6lb an answer through this paper will oblige.

BOXING AT KROONSTAD, SOUTH AFRICA.

TOM BURROWS TAKES A HAND.

THE PROGRAMME OPENED WITH a six rounds contest between Wallace and Ellison. The last named, slipping in the first round, sprained his ankle, and could not continue. The next to appear in the ring were Sergeant G. Morley, I.Y., and Trooper Jones, of the Lancers, for a six rounds contest. This was a determined and heavy slogging fight for the six rounds, and as the judges could not agree the referee ordered another round. Both men came up tired. Morley dashed his right at Jones, and with a left hook staggered him. After a spar Jones got a right hook on the Yeoman's ribs, and Morley got a straight left on Jones's wind. Both got in some good blows before time was called. Again the judges could not find the winner, and the fighters offered to fight one more round, which proved to be the last. Morley got a left swing on Jones's ribs, and missed the right at the head. Jones blocked a heavy right swing at the head and got in a short jab on Morley's eye. Then they mixed it up, Morley getting the better of the exchanges. On time being called both men looked as if they had done a most punishing bout. This time the judges agreed, and Sergeant Morley was given the purse. An exhibition spar followed between two friends. The next item was between Corporal Day, 16th Lancers, winner of the heavy-weight championship competition held here last month, and Sergeant Tom Burrows, I.Y., 35th Co. Round 1. On time being called, when the men shook hands, it looked any odds on Day, who is over three stone heavier and three inches taller than Burrows. Burrows weighs about 10st 10lb, and stands 5ft 7in high. Tom began feinting, and Day tried a left at the face, but the blow fell short. Both were very careful. Day drove Burrows back with a quick left on the head. Round 2. Day swung his left and Burrows ducked. The Lancer worked the Yeoman into a corner and made a terrific right swing for the jaw that only reached the shoulder, and Tom got neatly out of danger. Round 3. Burrows crouched low down, and making a feint at Day's stomach, got in a hot punch on his mouth. Day looked wicked, and rushed with a smashing left and right on the ribs and neck, and both clinched. After the break-away Burrows got in a hard left on the ribs and smashed Day on the point with his right. Blows rattled fast on both men during the fourth, fifth, and sixth rounds. Tom gave a wonderful display of clever fighting, guarding, and foot work. He would jab Day on the stomach, slip him, and then get a neat left on the Lancer's mouth or ear. Round 7. Day blocked a hot left from Tom and countered him on the ribs with the right. Tom rallied, and the Lancer and Yeoman came together and mixed it, raining blows on each other like a striker on a rivet. Round 8 and last. Burrows feinted, and got in a heavy right-hand punch on Day's short ribs. Day was tired now, and Tom got a left jolt on the Lancer's neck. Day swung the right at the jaw. Tom ducked and got a left on the ribs. Day gathered himself together and came in with a hot swinging right, and they were running very hot when time was called. The referee gave the verdict: "Tom Burrows the winner," which was received with long and loud applause. A well-known Kroonstad sportsman has offered to back Tom Burrows for £100 a-side to meet Day in a ten rounds contest. After an interval Tom Burrows (the world's club-swinging champion) gave an exhibition of the art, showing some most wonderful combinations with an ease and grace which have made his name famous in the music-halls of England, America, Australia, and Egypt.

THE EASTLEIGH B.C. — PENNELL defeats Bob Nash.—Pennell is the bright and shining boxing light of the above club, and Bob Nash is a local man with a good many believers in his ability, for they attended the club and made their presence felt in more ways than one. Although the contest opened slightly in favour of Nash, it was soon seen that the Eastleigh champion had the whip hand. Partisanship ran high, and each side shouted loudly to their man. In the third round Nash scored with a knock-down, but in the fourth Pennell had his own again. In the fifth round Nash was put out by Pennell, and this ended a most interesting contest. Due notice of a first-class concert given by the members of this club will appear in THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

DIDO SWINFIELD, HEARING OF the abilities of Tich Smith, will box him at any place offering a suitable purse and have a substantial side bet on the result. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

NAT SMITH TO R. LEE OR BOB Russell.—Nat Smith would be pleased to box either of the above for £50 a-side, at 9st, and the N.S.C. purse.

W. FELTON, OF H.M.S. POWERFUL, would be very pleased to box Woods, of the same ship, for £10 bs—even terms. An answer will oblige.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.—LAST Saturday evening Joe Smith staged the last assault-at-arms for the century at Wonderland, and a good house rewarded his efforts. Promoters always put forward a big bill, and by some accident those upon the programme are not always in attendance, and the finish takes place at a proper time (11 o'clock or shortly after), much to the satisfaction of reporters. Surely three hours spirited scrapping is enough for anybody, with all the intervals filled up by Ben Harris, the talkative M.C. A competition, two six, and two eight rounds contests without any displays are quite enough for one entertainment, and the public last Saturday had full value for their outlay. The competitions (8st 6lb and 9st 6lb) did not bring forward many competitors, and as the latter (the 9st 6lb) were under weight, they were all placed in one (9st). One lad was not passed by the doctor and, therefore, could not compete, but the powers that be allowed him to spar the bye. This was very peculiar, as if capable of making his mango for three rounds why was he barred from competing? Every boxer seemed in earnest and tried their best, though more than once it seemed they were wrestling and not boxing, as the representative of a daily newspaper, not knowing what the throw was, asked our representative, and cultivated his knowledge on the subject. Harry Wright acted as referee, with Harry Lee and Bob Knott as timekeepers. Brief details:—9st Competition: Bill Schofield beat Denny Smith; George Dudley beat Alf Milsom; Jack Harris beat Bert Gaylor; Steve Cooper a bye with Bill Perry. Second Series: Dudley beat Schofield.—An extra round was ordered, and to the surprise of everyone that understood boxing the verdict was Dudley. How the decision in the final round was arrived at we do not know. Harris beat Cooper after a splendid set-to. The final was postponed till Joe Smith's next show Saturday week, as neither lad could have put up a good battle after their previous hard work. Six Rounds Contest: Frank Exall beat Jem Murray.—Exall was much the cleverer, and outpointed his opponent in every round, and finally knocked him out in the fourth round. Eight Rounds Contest: Nat Keyser beat Ernie Hunt.—These lads are getting to be old war-horses, and as they put up a good fight with everybody always get a job. As soon as the call to arms came forth they set to work, and did not stop till the end, when the decision was as above. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Eacott and Harry Hundreds.—From the moment they stood up a fight ensued, and clinching formed part of the work. Our representative thought they were contesting under catch-as-catch-can rules, and Eacott seemed in front when the fiat was a draw. Eight Rounds Contest: Bert Adams beat Private Cullender.—Continual boxing has improved the first named almost out of knowledge, and it seems as if he will reach the top rung of the ladder of fame. No longer is he put aside of novices, and this time it was Private Cullender (Royal West Kent) who met him. Corporal Fairclough did not turn up, and his opponent (Cullender) met Adams in an eight-round bout. It proved the bout of the night, the soldier forcing matters, but was met by Adams at every point. The last named went weak, but was always in front, and, going well in the last round, obtained the decision. At ten o'clock Ben Harris was obliged to go to the Paragon, and act as M.C. for his youngsters (whose sparring exhibition is a star turn), and his place was taken by "Ginger" Elliott.

JASPER WHITE, OF NEW YORK will be pleased to box Alcock or Jordan any number of rounds for the purse offered by Mr. Jemmy Lowes.

BILL CHESTER, OF LONDON,

Who Met Bill Nolan, Drury Lane, at Wonderland, January 1.

(With Portrait.)

AT the People's Palace Bill Chester won the 9st Competition, beating W. King, 1rd; J. O'Connell, 1rd; final, Dick Pepper, 1rd; beat Willie Stone twice in 1 and 3rds; beat George Newman, 2rds; won 9st Competition at Wonderland, beating Willie Stone, 1rd; George Ware, 1rd; final, Jem Bateson, 1rd; beat Jack Lewis (black), of America, 6rds; beat Jack Dixon (black), of America, twice in 5 and 6rds; beat George Cunningham, 5rds; beat Ted Marlow for £100 a-side in 1rd. Beaten by Tommy Hogan, 8rds. Met Bill Nolan, of Drury Lane, at Wonderland, January 1, 1901.

JEM LONG,

A Clever Bantam Who Hails from Bradford.

(With Portrait.)

JEM LONG is twenty years of age, and stands 5ft 2in, has won an 8st 4lb competition, and beat Bill Wright, 1rd; Dorde Laycock, 1rd; Sparrow, 2rds; beaten by Jack Yarwood, 3rds; beat J. W. Finn, 4rds; Tom McDermott, 3rds; J. W. Finn, 3rds; George Bridgemount, 4rds; S. Robson, 1rd; Jem Fitzpatrick, 7rds; Harry Clarkson 1rd.

DO NOT MISS THE "GAY CITY" at the Alhambra. It is good goods.

HURRY TO THE OXFORD IF YOU wish to see Miss Marie Lloyd previous to her departure to Australia.

THE WHOLESALE SMASHING-OF-china sketch "Humanity" is playing to big audiences at Collins's—if ever there was a money-making sketch this is one. The variety portion of the programme is also strong, and embraces Gus Elen, Miss Kate Carney, Austin Rudd, Miss Katie Lawrence, and other well-known favourites.

MISS LOUIE FREEAR HAS CAUGHT on tremendously at the London Pavilion, and is a big turn in a programme already stocked with first-class items.

MR. MILLER HAS ENGAGED ASHLEY Page, the well-known actor, to recite the new, original, and patriotic poem, entitled "Bobs, or the People's Hero," at the Paragon.

THE FRANTZ FAMILY OF ACRO-bats are a big success in the pantomime "Cinderella" at the Pavilion Theatre. Miss Jessie Preston is a dashing principal boy, and a dainty sweetheart is found in charming Miss Alice Lloyd, while the two McNaughtons provide the major portion of the evening's fun.

I HAVE NOT YET SEEN MR. EAST'S pantomime at the Lyric, Hammersmith, but am told on reliable authority that it "bangs last year's, is screamingly funny, and magnificently staged."

THE HOLLOWAY EMPIRE IS always a safe investment for those in search of a slap-up evening's entertainment. Mr. Vernon Ryde has a capital programme this week, headed by that clever and up-to-date mimic H. A. Moore, who recently made a huge success at the Palace Theatre.

RECORD BUSINESS IS BEING done at the Canterbury, and Mr. Miller may be heartily congratulated on the programme and attendances. T. E. Dunville, Tom Leamore, Arthur Reece, the Gotham Quartette, Chirgwin, Fred Russell, Miss Kitty Corbett, Mark Melford and Company, the Glinserettis, Bransby Williams, and others keep the fun going.

MR. CHARLES MORTON HAS A monster Christmas holiday programme at the Palace Theatre. He always has a big show, but this is more colossal than ever, and numbers Mrs. Brown Potter with capital recitations; Thurston, a marvellous card manipulator; some extraordinarily clever cats and dogs introduced by Goleman; the very quaint Marco Twins; Campbell, an original mimic, scores with his suggestion as to how Dan Leno would recite; the "Absent Minded Beggar"; a series of new pictures shown by the Biograph, without which the programme would not be complete, and many other first-rate turns. It should also be mentioned that all children on entering the theatre dip in a lucky bag for a ticket, which, at the conclusion of the performance, is exchanged for a toy, and one of the most interesting turns of the afternoon consists in watching Mr. Philip Yorke and Mrs. Brown Potter presenting various toys to the delighted youngsters.

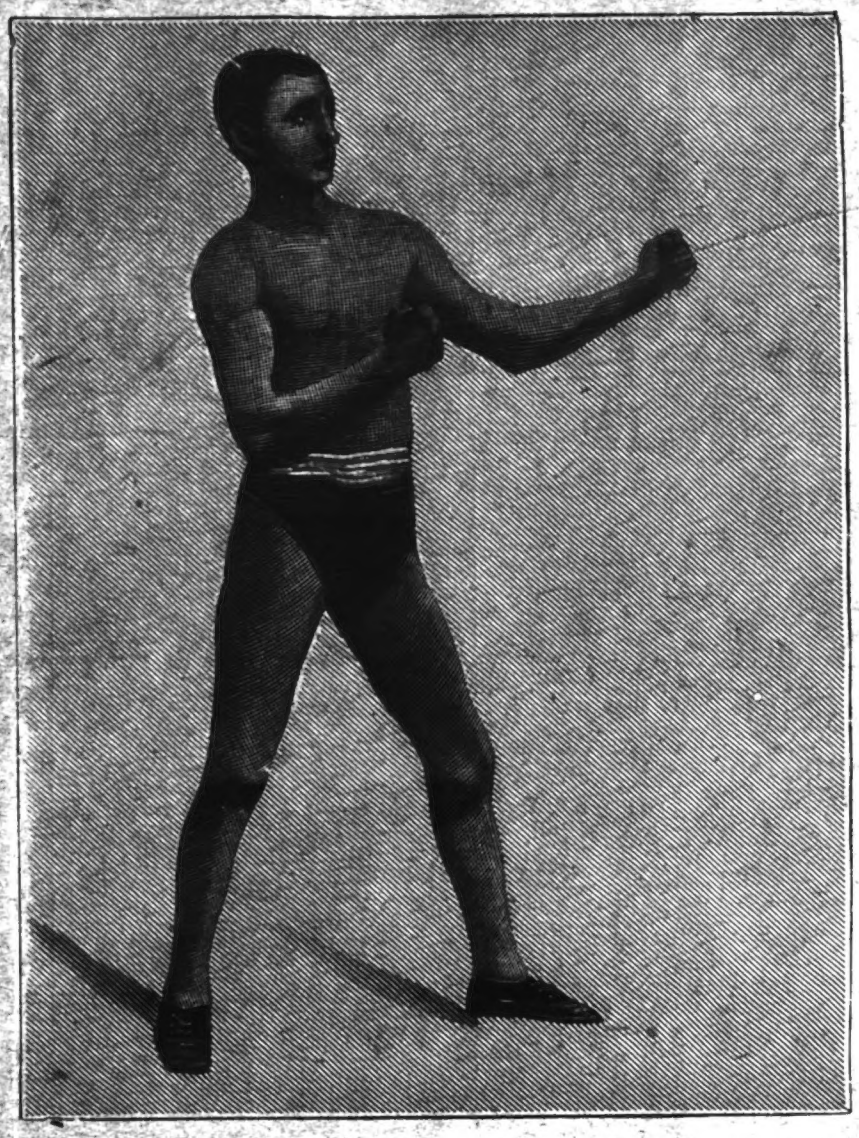
MR. PURCELL'S PANTOMIME, "Puss in Boots," is the best I have seen yet (of course, I have not seen them all). I was well entertained at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington, and can strongly recommend a visit. The entertainment is carried along with a jolly swing from start to finish, and much fun is provided by Fred Williams, Wilkie Bard, Colin Mackay, and others, while the principal boy, in the hands of Miss Minnie Jeffs, is a rattling good performance. She is splendidly supported by Miss Ethel Sydney, as her sweetheart, and one of the gems of the performance is a series of very clever imitations of well-known people by this charming artiste. It should also be mentioned that the one and only Paul Cinquevalli appears at intervals throughout the show and delights with his marvellous tricks. I was quite sorry when the interval arrived and I had to adjourn to the very comfortable foyer for a little light refreshment, thus disturbing the theatre cat, who in a friendly way had leaped on to my knees five minutes after I gained my stall and dozed comfortably till half-time.

DAVE.

BILL CHESTER,

Of London, who Met Bill Nolan, of Drury Lane, at Wonderland, January 1, 1901.

EUGENE STRATTON,
The Popular Negro Melodist, who is Now Visiting the United States.



IKE COHEN,
Of Manchester, who Met Alf Hazelgrove at the Stalybridge Gymnastic Club, January 1, 1901.

PLENTY OF SPORT FOR A SNOWED-UP TRAIN PARTY.
Rabbits by the Score Fall to the Revolver and Gun.

THE COW THAT WENT UPSTAIRS.
A Bergen Beast that Sought for Pastures New.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, December 22, 1900.

The Editor, Mirror of Life, London.

James J. Jeffries and Gus Ruhlin have signed articles of agreement to box twenty rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, at the Saengersfest Hall, Cincinnati, O., on February 15. The men agree to wear gloves not exceeding 5oz in weight, and to accept George Siler as referee. The management of the ball agrees to pay the men 55 per cent. of the gross receipts, this to be divided 75 per cent. to the winner and 25 per cent. to the loser. The contestants are also to receive 50 per cent. of all revenues derived from the exhibition of pictures taken at the bout. Jeffries and Ruhlin agree to post 2,500dols as evidence of their good faith, and the management of the hall agrees to post the same amount to guarantee that the contract shall not be interfered with by the Mayor of Cincinnati or the Governor of the State of Ohio, or anyone else. The clinching of a match between Jeffries and Ruhlin for a fight at Cincinnati in February makes another meeting between the champion and Fitzsimmons a remote possibility. There was a time when Fitzsimmons by his apparent sincerity of purpose made Jeffries look as if he did not want to fight. That was the time that Fitz, after whipping both Ruhlin and Sharkey inside of two weeks, issued a challenge to Jeffries to meet him in this city on August 30. The champion, through his manager, declined, after he had challenged Fitzsimmons two weeks before. Then the Cornishman announced his retirement from the ring. With the repeal of the boxing law in this State, another battle between Jeffries and Fitzsimmons seemed out of the question because of the lack of a suitable battle ground until Mayor Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, announced that he would grant a permit for a twenty rounds heavy-weight championship encounter. If Fitzsimmons really wanted a chance to regain his lost laurels this seemed to be the opportunity. Jeffries was willing to take the Cornishman on and said so. Fitz, however, declared that he had retired, and he would not budge an inch from this resolution. So Jeffries naturally took the next best man in Gus Ruhlin. Fitzsimmons's attitude has surprised many of his most enthusiastic followers, who, in spite of his defeat at the hands of Jeffries, have clung to the belief that he is still the greatest pugilist in the world. Fitz's story that he was "doped" in his mill with the champion, while not regarded as true by insiders, convinced many that there was ground for it. This belief was intensified by the remarkable showing by Fitzsimmons against Ruhlin and Sharkey. Men who have seen the Cornishman in all his battles since arriving in this country, said at the time that they never had found Fitz in such superb physical condition. For that reason the impression took root that in another fight with Jeffries the lanky Australian would make a far better showing. The way Fitz trimmed Ruhlin, a man built on the Jeffries' plan and almost as clever as the boilermaker, increased the belief that another meeting between Fitz and Jeff would not be a walk-over for the latter. With Fitz out of it now, though, it remains for Jeffries to dispose of Ruhlin in short order or have his reputation as a champion shattered. Fitzsimmons knocked Ruhlin out in six rounds. Jeffries has already fought a twenty rounds draw with Ruhlin. Fitz tumbled Sharkey out in two rounds, while Jeffries could not stop the sailor in twenty-five rounds. Corbett stayed twenty-three rounds with Jeffries, while Fitz doubled him up in fourteen. According to form, therefore, cutting out his single defeat, Fitz has a shade the better of it, and should have jumped at the chance to tackle the champion again. Robert Fitzsimmons declines absolutely to arrange another fight with Champion Jeffries or with anyone else. He declares he has retired from the Ring for good and all, and that this resolution will not be reconsidered.

Though Maher and Ruhlin failed to knock each other out in their six rounds bout at Philadelphia on Monday night, those who saw the mill declare that had it gone to a finish Ruhlin would have won. Since McCoy knocked him out Maher has not been in his old form, though he must still be considered dangerous with that righthand wallop. But Ruhlin, though knocked out by Fitzimmons, has been improving steadily, and in due time may make his mark. Indeed many ring experts believe that the other man is more apt to make it warm for Champion Jeffries than Fitzsimmons. John L. Sullivan, when seen at his Forty-second Street café the other night, said: "Jeffries is a hard man to beat. He's too big and strong for a lot of these fellows, but I'm thinking that Ruhlin will give him the fight of his life. Gus is the biggest and heaviest man that Jeffries has ever met. They fought a draw once in 'Frisco, and both have improved since then. Ruhlin trimmed Sharkey in great shape, while Jeffries had a hard time to outpoint the sailor in a twenty-five rounds bout. Ruhlin had Fitz to the bad in the first round of their fight in the Garden, but the Cornishman's headwork and punching won. Ruhlin is one of the gamest men I have ever seen. He simply lacks experience, but he's learning a lot in every mix-up and is dangerous. I think he is remarkably quick for his weight, and he can wallop, too. If he meets Jeffries at Cincinnati in February there will be a fight worth making the trip to see."

At Memphis, Jemmy Scanlon, of Pittsburg, was given the decision over Dan Creedon, the Australian middle-weight, after two minutes fighting in the first round, on a so-called foul. The men were to go twenty rounds under the auspices of the Phœnix Athletic Club. Creedon was about ten pounds heavier than his opponent, and was a slight favourite in the betting. After a minute's fighting in the first round it was seen that Creedon's blows were telling severely on the Pittsburg man, and a stiff right swing sent Scanlon to the floor. He took the full count to rise, and the men mixed matters, with everything in Creedon's favour. After a clinch Creedon sent a straight, sharp blow into Scanlon's face. Someone cried "foul," and Referee Foley gave the fight to Scanlon. There was an immense uproar, and the 2,500 people present showed their disapproval of the decision by a storm of hisses. President Kannane, of the club, told Creedon immediately after the fight that the decision was unjust. President Kannane, of the Phœnix Athletic Club, has announced that a change of management would immediately occur. He told Creedon that he believed that he had been robbed of the decision, and he said that every employé of the club would be dismissed.

Al Herford, manager of Joe Gans, has arrived in Baltimore, where he makes this statement relative to the recent fight with McGovern in Chicago: "Gans lost the battle fairly. He was beaten in the first round when Terry got to his solar plexus with the same kind of blow that beat Corbett at Carson City. When Joe came to his corner he said to me: 'Al, he gave me a terrible punch, and I feel as if something is torn away from the flesh.' I said, 'Joe, you only think so,' and let him have the ammonia bottle. Gans has cleaned up for me in about 140 fights 85,000dols between us in bets and purses, so why should we be accused of faking? I'll venture to say there wasn't 3,000dols lost on Gans in Chicago. Why should I advise my friends to bet on Gans when I knew it would not be a cent of value to me? Personally, I lost 2,000dols to Harris, McGovern's manager. The manager of the fight held the money. I also lost 600dols outside. My brother, here, dropped 1,600dols. We did not bet that Gans would stop McGovern in six rounds, but that he would be there at the end of the six rounds. Our share of the house was 4,400dols, and the money lost in bets 2,000dols, which left me with 2,400dols. My expenses were 750dols, which made 1,750dols remaining, so one can readily see how much we profited by the bout. If anybody will show in any way that I have been mixed up in a fake I will give 5,000dols to any charitable institution in Baltimore that the papers may designate. I don't believe that there is a middle-weight living who can stop McGovern in six rounds. I think, however, that Gans can whip McGovern in a twenty rounds contest. I will post 2,500dols for weight, 133lb, at seven o'clock on the day of the contest, and if Gans is at weight I will put up 2,500dols as a side wager of 5,000dols, the winner take all."

Speaking of the McGovern-Gans fight, a well-known sporting man, an eye-witness, said, "Gans is a rank quitter. That's all there was to it. He quit deliberately when Erne butted him over the eye at the Broadway A.C. last summer. Up to the time of that accident Gans had a good shade over Erne on points, but when he got that crack over the left optic he quit, because he could not stand the pain. He always had a streak of yellow, and he showed it plainly against McGovern. Possibly Gans remembered the beating McGovern gave to Erne in the Madison Square Garden last August, and, therefore, had an idea what was coming. He was clearly scared when he got into the ring, and as soon as Terry got in a few of his terrible wallops Gans wanted to climb out of the ring. Jackson and Dixon were the only coloured pugilists I ever saw who were dead game. The others will not stand the gaff when they get it good. McGovern's Irish cannot be beaten."

At Boston, Patsy Sweeney, of Manchester, and George McFadden, of New York, boxed a fifteen rounds draw before the Lafayette Business Men's Association. The decision was a popular one. Owing to some misunderstanding it was 10.30 o'clock before the men could agree on a referee, and Patsy Healy was finally chosen. In the early part of the fight McFadden resorted to all kinds of foul methods. This was more noticeable during the eighth round, when he repeatedly used his elbows. The audience yelled "Foul!" time and again, and from that out McFadden was more careful. The men fought every moment of the fifteen rounds. Sweeney did all of the leading, using a straight left and landing it repeatedly. Up to the tenth round there was not a particle of advantage for either man. In the eleventh round Sweeney crossed his right several times with good effect, and had his man weak. McFadden hugged him, and in this way managed to stay the round out. It was a terrible fight during the next three rounds, with matters even. Two thousand people witnessed the fight.

Paddy Ryan, former champion heavy-weight pugilist of the United States, died December 14 at his home on Albany Avenue, Green Island, after an illness of about six weeks. He was seized with a convulsion in the morning on arising, and death ensued in the afternoon. Ryan was a resident of West Troy in his earlier days, and it was in that city and vicinity that his fighting powers became known. Of late years he was employed at Albany. He is survived by his wife, a son, and daughter.

"Spike" Sullivan, of Boston, and Harry Berger, of Trenton, formerly of Philadelphia, fought twenty rounds to a draw at the Trenton Athletic Club. The contest was a clever one throughout, both men showing much skill. Sullivan seemed to have done more of the leading, and for this reason many of the spectators believed he should have been awarded the decision.

After many years of importations of high-bred dogs for exhibition and breeding purposes, the tide has turned, and a start has been made on one of England's greatest strongholds—the fox terrier. G. M. Carnochan, well known as the importer of Go Bang and Claude Duval, the two highest-priced terriers ever brought to this country, has sold to W. H. Wigley, of Putney Common, London, the well-known prize-winner, Champion Otterburn Surprise, considered to be quite the best wire-haired fox terrier bitch in the country. Before being shipped across the Atlantic Otterburn Surprise will be mated with Champion Go Bang.

THE TATTLER.

ARRIVED RATHER UNEXPECTEDLY.

Put her Foot in it and Floored her Minstrel Boy.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Beneath the window he stood for some time, gazing up to catch a glimpse of the shadow thrown upon the blinds. Then, mustering up courage, he struck a few bars on the instrument he carried. To serenade the lady of his love he warbled a soft melody, breathing of his eternal devotion and imploring the adored one to fly with him by the light of the moon. The window opened, and the girl stepped forth. It was but a few feet from the ground, and like an angel coming from above she jumped into his arms, a feat he was hardly prepared for. Instead of catching the lady her foot went right through the banjo and floored the singer, bringing matters to an unfortunate climax.

PLENTY OF SPORT FOR A SNOWED-UP TRAIN PARTY.

Rabbits by the Score Fell to the Revolver and Gun.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Being snowed-up on a railway journey is anything but pleasant, more particularly if, by being late, we should be robbed of the Christmas festivities. Not so a party in Sweden, where for seven hours the train was unable to proceed; a few of the travellers who were bent on a sporting mission had plenty of fun. Hundreds of rabbits scampered over the snow close to the carriages, and both men and women who had anything to kill with gave the bunnies a hot time. Being on top of the white snow they afforded a capital mark, and fifty to sixty were bagged in a short time.

JOE LAW.

The 6st 12lb Champion of Staffordshire.

(With Portrait.)

Joe Law was born on April 27, 1883. His first engagement was with Billy Morgan, who he knocked out in the old style in 3rds; beat Charley Murray, 4rds; is anxious to try conclusions with any lad in Staffordshire at 7st.

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BILL BRIERLY,

Of Liverpool, who Met Billy Gordon, of America, at the Liverpool Gymnastic Club, December 26.

(With Portrait.)

Bill Brierly was born in Birr, King's County, Ireland, September 20, 1874. He commenced boxing in 1890. His first fight of note was with Limney, whom he beat in 3rds; beat Limney a second time in 44sec; beat C. Jones, 3rds; beat J. Thompson, 2rds; knocked out Tom Fitzpatrick, 5rds; beat Armstrong, 2rds; beat Bill Toole, 2rds; beat Wills, 10rds; beat C. Owen in 1½rd; beaten by George Corfield, 20rds. Brierly then tried to get a return match to a finish, but Corfield's friends would not make a match; beat Lawrence Wall; beat the Dummy, 6rds; beat McDonaldson, 2rds; beat Billy Ryan, 2rds; beat Tom Wallace, 2rds; beat Charles Beadling; beat Jem Barry, 20rds; met Billy Gordon, December 26, and was defeated in 14rds.

THE COW THAT WENT UP STAIRS.

A Bergen Beast that Sought for Pastures New.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Such a getting up stairs you never did see.' That's the old song, but the cow jumping over the moon must have been like the cow in Bergen, who last week, in spite of opposition, managed to run up two flights of stairs and find its way into a bedroom. Two girls attempted to bar its progress in this direction, but the wilful animal forced its way past. Getting up was easy, but the real difficulty began when they tried to coax the animal to come down; it would not budge an inch, and for hours everything was tried to induce the beast to return, until strong and willing hands lowered the animal with stout ropes, after considerable amusement and trouble.

ACCIDENT TO THREE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Fortunately Saved from a Watery Grave.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Three children, two brothers with their sister, were skating on the ice when, unfortunately, the younger boy ventured near where the ice was broken and fell in. His sister went to his assistance and would have been drowned had not the elder brother seized her by the foot, which he held until assistance arrived. The little fellow quickly got over his immersion, but it will be some time before his plucky sister who saved him will recover from the shock she endured by falling into the water. Being of a delicate constitution she may even yet lose her own life through the accident.

MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

The Copper Came Out on Top.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A good story is told about a well-known heavy-weight pugilist. He was fighting drunk on one occasion, and when ordered home by a police officer exclaimed, "Say, your the copper and a fresh guy; your uniform protects you, d'ye see." Without stopping to argue the point the policeman doffed his coat, saying, "Now you big loafer we'll waive the protection," and sailed in for all he was worth, and soon had the pugilist stretched out. "Well, I'm outed," said the slagger, "by a mug of a 'cop,' so I go home."

FOUND DEAD TOGETHER IN THE RIVER.

Mother and Child Locked in Each Other's Arms.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A domestic tragedy under very painful circumstances occurred at Cologne, on the Rhine. The wife of a merchant, overcome with grief at her husband's recent losses and death, took her little son and plunged into the icy waters of the river in the darkness of night. Some men on the pier observed the woman's fatal leap but could not render any assistance, but at early morning the bodies of both woman and child were recovered from the broken ice clasped in each other's arms.

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